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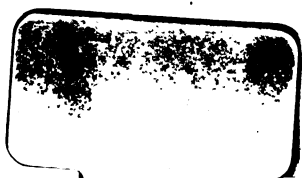
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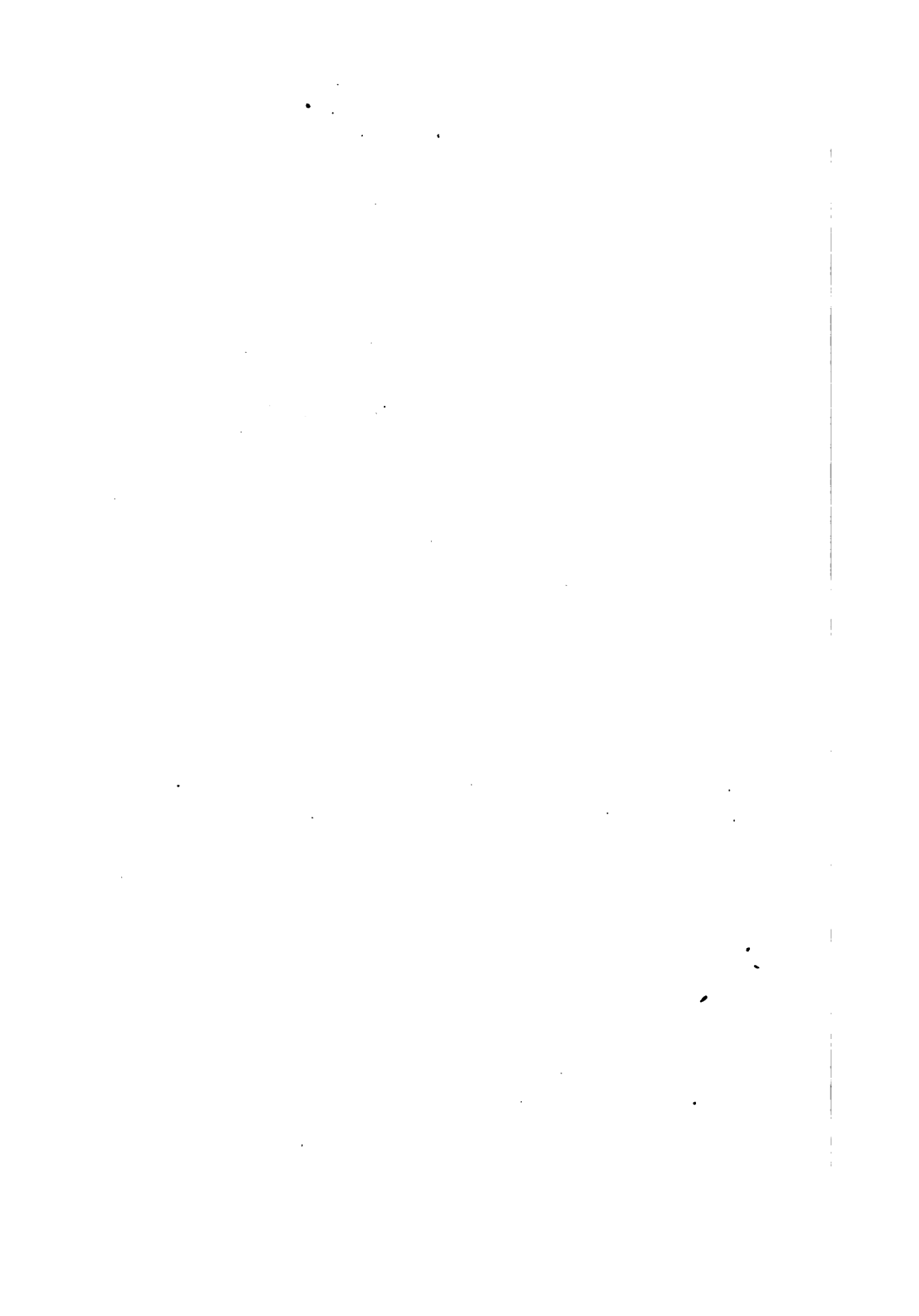
LAYS OF
GREAT BRITAIN





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L A Y S
OF
G R E A T B R I T A I N ,

And other Poems.

BY
JAMES W. BAILEY.

This England never did, nor ever shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.
SHAKESPEARE.

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PROEM.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

SWEET HOME and LOVE man's thoughts engage
On this world's stage ;
Home happy made by soft endearing ties
Is deem'd the fairest prize !
But chiefly *thirst for power*
Doth agitate the 'creatures of an hour,'
And talents lent by heaven for good
Are exercised in deeds of tyranny and blood.
What fills the grand historic page ?
Injustice, rage !
Ever the strong his weaker brother killing,
Or burdening him unwilling.
What chief of people yet,
Of ancient times or young, have nobly set
Example, which doth not defy
The rule, which bids us do as we would be done by ?
Thus RIGHTS become the highest prize ;
And in men's eyes
Are SACRED held, where spirit lights the breast.
But evil times oft wrest
The heaven-sent boon, and now
A king unto the block his head shall bow ;
Or prostrate race, once known to fame,
Forfeit its high estate, and dwindle to a name !

As on th' Assyrian slab we see
 Old tyranny :
 The lip-held captive agonised with fright,
 And yielding up his sight,
 With suppliant hands, to hands that know
 No sense of mercy for the weak one's woe ;
 So still the bad would blind, [kind.
 Or drag, lip-held the weak ! Hence sorrow to man-

For man was born to work, not slave !
 For this heaven gave
 The sinewy arm to build the lofty fane,
 The craft that o'er the main
 Speeds the aspiring pine,
 And sun-like intellect o'er all to shine.
 Whence trampled peoples yet shall find
 That common interests all their fellow-creatures bind.

What is the spirit of this age ?
 Man's noblest rage !
 The toiling masses seek to make a home,
 And in the light to come.
 The beauteous fowls of th' air,
 The fishes of the sea have space to share :
 Shall man alone in this wide world [be hurl'd !
 Be cramp'd ? Whoso saith "Yes !" on him contempt

So forth my little book of "Lays !"
 And seek not *praise*,
 Nor anger fear ; but thy endeavour be
 To trace that *spirit free*,
 And *martial* ardour bright, [doth light ;
 Which, SPARTA'S once, GREAT BRITAIN'S soil
 And scatter *Lays of Love* behind,
 Strong sympathy which locks the breasts of human-kind.

Martial Poems.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, K.G.,
ETC., ETC.,

AND
THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS,

This little Volume
OF
MARTIAL POEMS

IS
DEDICATED,
AS
A SLIGHT TOKEN OF ADMIRATION AND RESPECT,

BY
THE TRANSLATOR.

LONDON, MDCCCLXII.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE British public, ever disposed to patronize the endeavours of the humble aspirant to its favour, will not, it is trusted, regard with asperity or surprise the following attempt at a new translation of four of the noblest fragments which have been left to us by a remote antiquity. And if only a small portion of the spirit and fire of the fine originals shall have been conveyed to and infused in the present version of *Martial Fragments of Tyrtæus*, the translator will venture to hope, after having offered the apology due on account of his boldness or temerity, that he will be permitted to escape with but slight reprehension.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE general reader or tyro may be pleased to be reminded, from the pages of Grecian history, that Tyrtaeus* was an Athenian poet, who flourished about the year B.C. 682, Olymp. XXIV. At this period the Spartans, in the second war with their rivals the Messenians, experienced defeats and disasters, and *having known what it is to have an invader in the land*, applied, in consequence of an oracular injunction, to the Athenian state *for a general*. That state, it has been said, deeming the affairs of the Spartans hopeless, sent them in derision a poet, a schoolmaster, one that halted—in short—Tyrtaeus!

Now the poetical genius has often shone forth in the warrior; the “son of song,” too, has seldom been slow to take his stand in the foremost ranks of those who defend liberty or their country’s weal. A natural defect, similar to that alluded to, in no wise impaired the lustre of the name of that poet, whom a most high authority† has pronounced “the most eminent in the present century.” To which opinion we unhesitatingly bend; whilst an affectionate regard for passages unmatched, save in Homer and in Tyrtaeus, permits us not to forget who followed close behind, viz. the author of “Marmion.”

In favour of the schoolmaster’s profession, at least as regards the respect paid to it in the present age, the same authority is quoted:—“It is admitted by all that the career of those who instruct and form the youth of this country is one eminently

* See Smith’s Dictionary of Biography, etc., article ‘Tyrtaeus.’

† Lord Palmerston.

deserving the respect and esteem of their fellow-countrymen; for the strength of a nation consists not so much in the numbers of the people as in the character of the men.”* Again, elsewhere:—“instructors of youth—a most valuable class of society, men upon whose exertions depends the whole success of a nation, because, unless the people have their minds cultivated and stored with knowledge, it is plain that for all great purposes they are almost as if they were not.”†

In the semi-mythical account of Tyrtæus, however, a reasonable surmise would merely point to the probability of his having imparted casual instruction in the art he practised, a habit by no means foreign to the simple manners of the ancients. But we are aware that respect for a superior and deferential awe to age were ever most highly characteristic of Spartan virtue. We are also well aware that the most prominent man of this age was formerly not considered to be gifted with any extraordinary military qualifications. Might not, then, Tyrtæus, without incurring ridicule, even though actually a schoolmaster, a poet, lame, and what not besides; having, according to the institutions of his country, been trained in the gymnastic schools, where manly exercises were appointed by public masters, and subject to a discipline no less severe than that of Sparta; and having served the usual apprenticeship in arms, which consisted in being “sent into the country, to keep watch and ward in the towns and fortresses on the coast and frontier, and to perform any other tasks which might be imposed upon him for the protection of Attica;”‡ have failed to display at the onset those qualities which sometimes prognosticate the future brilliant soldier? At any rate, he challenged from the Spartan phalanxes singular respect, if not veneration, on account of high talents, which, if not immediately manifested in the service of Athens,

* v. Lord Palmerston's Speech at Harrow on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of the Vaughan Library.

† v. Lord Palmerston's Speech at Southampton on *Competitive Examinations*.

v. ‡ Thirlwall's History of Greece, vol. ii. p. 57.

soon wrought a favourable change for the Spartans, when brought into play, both in the council and on the field.

The Spartans ultimately becoming victorious over their enemies by means of the military instructions of the Athenian, and stirred up (as was our own Sir Philip Sidney on hearing the old ballad on Chevy Chase sung) by his elegies or panegyrics on martial spirit and personal valour, the mission of Tyrtæus resulted to him in the acquisition of the rights and privileges of Spartan citizenship, and in the enjoyment of a celebrated reputation. In coupling his name with that of the "father of Poetry" Horace has conferred the highest commendation :—

"Post hos insignis Homerus,
Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit."

Quintilian also :—"Quid ? Horatius frustra Tyrtæum Homero subjunxit ?"

The war-elegies of Tyrtæus, which anciently comprised five books, were prescribed as permanent recitations by the republic of Lacedæmon. Judging from the few remains, they must have been admirably suited to the Spartan tyro. Free from the stain which the vehicle of instruction so often leaves upon the unsuspecting and less robust mind of unguarded youth, the fragments of Tyrtæus, which scarcely number one hundred and fifty lines, abound with the loftiest sentiments. In them the love of country—of freedom—of valour—of magnanimity—the sanctity of helpless innocence—the glory of nobly dying in its defence, are inculcated with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." In them no act of aggression, of savagely making an inroad into another's country, nor a prodigious slaughter, nor revengeful feeling, find any praise.

Several excellent poetical versions of fragments of Tyrtæus have, from time to time, under various aspects, been presented to the English reader. One printed in London for Tho. Payne, 1761; another by Pye, in 1795; and Polwhele's well-known

translation, need particular enumeration. Also a spirited but not strict version, dated London, 1804, and University Press, Edinburgh, 1807, with the following appropriate dedication :—

“TO THE MARTIAL BANDS OF THE BRITONS, ARMED, AND ARMING, TO DEFEND, ON BRITISH GROUND, THE HONOUR, THE LIBERTY, THE LAWS, THE HEARTHES, AND THE ALTARS, OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE ; THESE MARTIAL EFFUSIONS ARE INSCRIBED, WITH ARDENT WISHES FOR SAFETY, SUCCESS, AND GLORY, BY THE TRANSLATOR.”

In this warlike age, when the world abroad seems “bristling” (as the phrase is) with new-fashioned bayonets, and man’s highest talents are strained to improve and invent the swiftest, surest, and most powerful means for his own destruction ; whilst England, “calm as the glassy ocean” where she rides, eyes with confidence her great Premier : it was thought with much deference that a more literal metrical version than has hitherto appeared (and one adapted for the use of the elocutionist) might not prove unacceptable to “the youth of England.” For “a manly determination to protect and maintain what we have”* has entered the breasts of all, and not one is ambitious to exceed his simple duty.

In this country where men “try to raise the level on which they stand, not by pulling others down, but by elevating themselves,”† it were needless to admonish or caution our youth against too much imbibing “that military ardour and that high estimate of the dispositions and talents necessary to success in war, which, although they may never carry him into the field, will nevertheless engage his feelings, and even his opinions, in the support of a system of bloodshed.”‡ The expedition of the deputation from the Society of Friends to the throne of All the Russias presented an act more worthy of imitation than aught else which happened during the warfare which ensued. And

* *v. Times* (Friday), Sept. 6, 1861.

† *v. Lord Palmerston’s Speech at Southampton.*

‡ *v. Preface to Peace-Reading Book ; edited by H. C. Adams, 1844.*

the letter addressed more recently by the Emperor of Russia himself to the American hosts was surely dictated by a most happy tone of mind. Even the act of the Five Liverpool Merchants, rife as it was with the highest impropriety in respect of *etiquette*, though laughed down, will yet be designated by the reflecting and right-minded man, as infinitely to be preferred to the doubtful glory of many a well-fought field.

Whilst obedient to the divine behest to "agree with thine adversary quickly," which is by no means incompatible with steps of precaution, and active and prudent measures for prevention of mischief, it may be well that the rising generation, and even a distant posterity likewise, remember with mingled feelings of Christian humility and national pride "that the principle of arbitration which the British Government, to its great honour, was the first to commend to the attention of the Paris Conference in 1854, through the mouth of Lord Clarendon, was recognized and ratified by the unanimous consent of that august body, and embodied in a resolution expressed in the following terms :—

"The Plenipotentiaries do not hesitate to express, in the name of their Governments, the wish that States between which any serious misunderstanding may arise, should, before appealing to arms, have recourse, as far as circumstances might allow, to the good offices of a friendly Power."*

The principle, thus formally consecrated by the sanction of all the great Governments of Europe, having received the spontaneous and cordial homage of eminent statesmen of this country of various political parties, has been rightly designated as a "great triumph, a powerful engine on behalf of civilization and humanity."† "It recognises and establishes," to use the words of the Earl of Malmesbury, "the truth, that time, by giving place for reason to operate, is as much a preventive as a healer of hostilities."

* c. Memorial sent by the Committee of the Peace Society to Lord Palmerston.

† Right Hon. W. Gladstone.

Much as the principle of war is to be decried (and our greatest generals have abominated it most), the feeling of patriotism, which has in all ages commanded the highest admiration of mankind, and been extolled, cannot be too warmly cherished. For a definition of this word 'patriotism,' no British heart is ever at a loss when appealed to. And it is not in the writings of the ancients only that this glorious spirit shines. The accomplished reader will experience no difficulty in discovering in the literary or oratorical* productions of his own country all that is calculated to awaken "martial" or patriotic feelings: where the latter fail to predominate, the battle degenerates into a mere combat of tigers.

Illustrative of martial minstrelsy, we shall only cite the famous "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," &c., Byron's "Sons of the Greeks, arise," and the "Rhyfelgyrch Gwyr Harlech" (March of the Men of Harlech), with its fine Welch air, as sung at the present time to listening thousands, with marked enthusiasm.

In fine, be we or be we not "on the eve of great events," as it is worded, the world will still perceive that, arisen as this Christian country has by arduous paths to its present unexampled magnificence and increasing power, pace has been kept with the requirements of the age, the powerful arm hath been meted, our own shortcomings weighed. And a memorable opportunity has presented itself for making a brilliant display of love for 'fatherland.' Happy is that volunteer, who from purely unselfish patriotic motives "girded himself in his strength," and so enshrined himself in the hearts of the aged and of the beautiful of these isles! Even happier is the sire, who, having served his sovereign upwards of fifty years since, now beholds with becoming pride his three (four 1870) sons in as many different corps of volunteers! Posterity will not fail to appreciate the obligations under which she has been laid by

* Read that immortal speech delivered by Lord Lyndhurst, which concludes with the words "*Væ Victis!*"

the "rifle movement" of the present time, and will, doubtless, give it perpetuation. We, whatever betide, will unmistakably hold sacred "deck and shore;" and wisdom predominating (by His Divine Will) in all our counsels, there will be perceived in us no diminution of "martial" or patriotic ardour.



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☞ The above phalanx of names of illustrious and distinguished characters, who so condescendingly noticed the *attempt* to show the Athenian General in British costume, has, in the natural order of things, during a lapse of ten years, suffered diminution. The asterisk points the direction which the shafts of fate have taken. Of the departed, all have fallen in the front ranks; and it may be recorded of them, as it has been of the foremost, that, after having ACHIEVED greatness, they "fell asleep," like true warriors "in harness."

"Them the whole city mourns with deep regret;
Both old and young with tears gaze on their tomb,
Nor ever dies the fair renown; nor yet
Their name."

May those whom rank, position, fortune, or talents, entitle to succeed to the honourable and responsible posts they filled, with such lustre to their country, emulate their VIRTUES!

MARTIAL ADDRESS
TO THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

PRO ARIS ET FOCIS.

HAIL, gallant youths, Britannia's darling pride !
How promptly ye arose at honour's call ;
And with heroic ardour, side by side
Prepared to stand, and, if need were, to fall !

The patriotic deed through Europe rings ;
E'en they who envy, or who hate, admire
Strongly the warmth with which each Briton clings
To native shores, unharm'd by hostile ire.

Nations at length by sad experience wise,
And tutor'd by your own example bright,
Shall learn sweet Peace, and happy homes, to prize,
And stand but in defence of Freedom's right.

Meantime, learn ye the lore that Mars can teach,
Fierce grasp the steel, search each strategic wile ;
Should subtlety then seek to overreach,
Ye well may beat him back with all his guile.

Dread not to hear on bayonet bayonet jar ;
Retiring, scorn thick deaths by hand unseen ;
If in the square ye mingle in the war,
Remember what your ancestors have been.

Unto the harsh command obedience yield,
Be it to march into the vale of death,—
Where grape and canister plough up the field,
And chymic art empoisons vital breath.

O, dire the onslaught, deep the wound should be,
Where'er invader lifts his haughty head !
Such caitiff, heav'n, thrust back into the sea,
With monsters of the deep to make his bed.

Our sacred hearths, our wives, our children dear,
Our good intentions, all our hearts inspire ;
And, whilst we other nations' rights revere,
Prompt us to animate our martial fire.

'Ye gentlemen of England, bold yeomen !'
What deeds of high emprise remain untold,
The British race hath not achieved ? agen
What shall they not achieve then as of old ?

Say, who first carried sail the world around ?
Who in the Arctic clime new passage sought ?
Who burst the prison gate, erst bolted found,
And to enlighten'd Europe knowledge brought ?

Where doth the fetter, as by magic, fall,
Erecting the dark 'human form divine?'
The nations round best know; and, one and all,
Witness in you the antique spirit shine.

Hail, then, brave youths, Britannia's hopeful pride!
From Cambria, and from Scotia, trooping come;
Nor let the seas Ierne's love divide,—
One VICTORY for all, or else one Tomb!



I.

MARTIAL FRAGMENT OF TYRTÆUS.

(B.C. 682.)

Τεθνάμεναι γὰρ καλὸν κ.τ.λ.

DEATH TO BE COURTED BY THE VALIANT.

How comely fall in the front ranks the brave,
Who for dear fatherland their dear life sell !
But to abandon country will not save
From indigence, of evils the most fell.

Nor matron staid, nor thy good sire's great age,
Nor infant pale, nor spotless wife's sad face,
Shall screen thee from the hard world's hate and rage,
If Penury and grizzling Want have place.

Such wretched wand'rer lineage high doth shame,
And noble form, whilst every ill draws near ;
Nor yearns his spirit now, dead to honest fame,
To make the captive of the bow and spear.

Then let us fight with all our might and main,
Die for our sons, nor spare our heart's rich stream.
And ye, brave youths, close-marshall'd on the plain,
Account base flight and fear an idle dream.

Make ye a mighty heart, and val'rous soul,
Fear not in hurtling with the foe to bleed ;
And if the veteran in the dry dust roll
(Weak were his knees), bestride him in his need.

For, oh the shame, in the fore rank to find
With snow-white head, and beard all hoary grey,
The old man spoil'd, and, for ye lagg'd behind,
Breathing, alas, his gallant soul away !

Sweet Youth ! hard doom beseems thy flow'ry tide,
Retaining yet soft fragrancy and bloom,
By Valour courted, and by Beauty's pride,
E'en lovelier still within the silent tomb.



II.

MARTIAL FRAGMENT OF TYRTÆUS.

'Αλλ' Ἡρακλῆος γὰρ ἀνικίτου κ.τ.λ.

FIRMNESS IN ADVERSITY.

NE'ER deem your arms grow weak, or hearts wax'd
cold,

But right against the foe advance the shield.
Not yet doth Jove his look averted hold,
And great Alcides' race ne'er leave the field.

Be dear alike, where issues fitful are,
Death's murky gloom, or Day's bright golden beam:
Full well ye know the temper of grim War,
And how exploits be sprent with Sorrow's stream.

In full career of victory oft ye slew,
And dire reverse oft number'd thick your slain,
Again in conflict close, men good and true,
Dare side by side stout combat to maintain.

Thus fewer fall, rear-ranks in safety move,
Eke most imposing doth such valour show.
But whom death shakes, or dangers recreant prove,
He dire disgrace, and countless ills, shall know.

Ah, grief! that foe should lacerate behind
The coward hide that flees on martial ground.
Ah, shame! that his dead corse the brave should find
Exhibiting in front no glorious wound.

Then stand, determination firm express'd,
Fixed to the soil where Freedom loves to be.
Each screen his thighs, legs, shoulders, and broad
chest,
Opposing buckler's wide convexity.

Each in his right hand shake the thund'ring spear:
Nod, dreadful plume, on helm, nod high o'er all!
The lore that Mars can teach learn NOW: nor fear
To tread where arrows thickest whiz or fall.

Dare near approach, the foeman fiercely charge,
And grapple with him for the mastery:
Foot to foot, casque to casque, targe match'd with
targe,
Confront the caitiff wheresoe'er he be.

And ye, light-harness'd, for the skirmish meet,
Ranged in length, crouch'd 'neath the buckler
bright,
With pond'rous stones and darts the stranger greet,
Fenced by the heavy phalanx mail'd in might.



III.

MARTIAL FRAGMENT OF TYRTÆUS.

Οὐτ' ἂν μνησαίμην, κ.τ.λ.

ON VALOUR.

No chronicle devote to SPARTA's fame,
No fair word whisper'd in LACONIA's ear,
Shall mark thee worthy thy ancestral name,
By Mavors honour'd, or to Venus dear;

Swift though thy foot, as erst Achilles', fly,
Though Hercules his match at wrestling find;
With Cyclops though in size and strength thou vie,
And in the run outstrip the *Thracian wind:—

Nor though Tithonus' stature yield in grace,
Or Midas, Cinyras, thou in gold excel;
Or thou than Pelops have more regal space,
Or have Adrastus' tongue, sweet-dropping well:—

If thou, though giv'n each glory 'neath the sky,
Which stamps with lustre, or ennoble can,
Yet shrink'st in gory battle-field to try
The sword's keen edge upon the hostile man.

* Viz. the North wind, as in respect of SPARTA.

Ay, this is VALOUR, meed 'mongst men most high,
The fairest gift for youthful pride to wear :
A good alike to the community,
The good alike city and people share !

Lo, where he stedfast in the front rank fights,
Heedless of dastard flight, exposing life,
Comrade exhorting FOR OUR COUNTRY'S RIGHTS :
This man is gallant in the warlike strife !

Eftsoons his valour the rough phalanx brake,
His zeal hath stemm'd the battle's raging tide ;
Now fall'n in the fore rank FOR COUNTRY'S SAKE
His death gives fame to SPARTA far and wide,

And to his village home, and rustic sire.
Oft pierced through breast, and oft through bossy
shield,
And oft through mail in front, he did expire,
And now low lies wrapp'd in ensanguin'd field.

Him the whole city mourns with deep regret ;
Both old and young with tears gaze on his tomb.
Nor ever dies the fair renown ; nor yet
His name. His children famous do become,

His children's children, and the unborn race.
Such honour waits the bold, the brave, the true,
Who DIE FOR SACRED HEARTHS in duty's place,
Bright immortality their guerdon due.

Now should he 'scape death's drowsy-lengthsome hour,
And with his spear achieve a victor's meeds,
Youth and old age fresh laurels on him shower,
And wreath'd with joys his useful life proceeds.

Bow'd down at length by TIME, who bows down all,
Revered, distinguish'd, girt with truthful friends,
The young make way for him in public hall,
The elders, and his old compeers. Descends

The HERO thus, to sleep in GLORY's arms.
Fame's pinnacles to reach, with fierce desire
Breathes there a SPARTAN whose proud soul not warms?
Why, then, ACHIEVE, not slack your martial fire !



IV.

MARTIAL FRAGMENT ASCRIBED TO
*CALLINUS.

Μέχρις τεῦ κατάκεισθε ; κ.τ.λ.

TIMELY PREPARE.

How long will ye in idlesse waste away
The precious time ? nor deed of valour try ?
Nor blush while they who dwell around survey
Your virtue slack'ning thus exceedingly ?

Deem ye these are the times of piping peace ?
Awake, I say ; and rouse your gallant soul ;
For War that trampleth down ignoble Ease,
Throughout the land like one broad flame doth roll.

Now is the time with skill to couch the spear,
Now is the time to push the shield with power,
To fight, all gash'd and maim'd, the foeman near,
To the last moment of your dying hour.

Fair fame is theirs, who from invading foe
SAVE COUNTRY, SONS, and fresh-yweddèd WIFE !
With spear and shield then boldly 'gainst him go,
Soon as the din proclaims the mingled strife.

* Attributed by some to Callimachus.

And since DETH comes to all, when he will come,
 And MANNE may not his stern decree eschew,
 Though gods be his progenitors ; such doom
 'Count glorious on the battle-field ; and rue

Pale death at home. From clatter, arms, and scars,
 Escaped, seek not on couch to yield your breath :
 This brings no honour to the son of Mars,
 But Veneration weeps o'er gallant death.

Grandly he falls in arms of VICTORY,
 Whose godlike form aye watch'd at honour's post.
 A tower of strength he plainly seem'd to be,
 And, singly, oft bewray'd himself A HOST !



ANCIENT GREEK ARMOURY.

FROM ALCÆUS. FRAG. XXIV.

GLITTERETH with brass the ample hall.
Around, above—rafter and wall,
 All for the god of war bedight,
Are set, arrayed in sheeny rows,
With helms, from whose dread summit flows,
 Or nods, the horse-hair plume so white,
The noble ornaments which grace
The heads of the heroic race.
 Moreover upon hidden pegs
Bright brazen greaves, of metal stout,
Distributed lie round about,
 Strong fence 'gaints dart to martial legs ;
And breastplates too of linen white ;
And slumbering in their heavy might
 Upon the ground the hollow shield.
Chalcidian blades of temper fine,
And numerous belts, close-order'd, shine ;
 And [stain'd with many a battle field]
The tunic hangs, [whose hues of RED
On recreant foe dire terrors shed,
 Till CONSCIENCE scarce would let him stand !
These matters now we may not shirk,
Since first we buckled to this work,
 And FREEDOM'S CAUSE so took in hand !]

WAR SONG.

A.D. 1415.

MENNE at armes, be not afraid,
Fear vaileth nouzt, and ye han plaid
An ydle time, God wot, so long,
Nowth hear your mynstreles battaile song.

The foemen comen, we must go
Against them miztily, I tro ;
They would our Ynglond fromm us take,
And us when conquerde would slaves make.

But wol we bide them ? No ! then fize
Wyd al our strength, wyd al our mize.
God sped us al ! we stynt ne blane,
Till eche blood drop be fro us gane.

O whare the vse to lead our lyf
Sister to sloth, straunger to stryf ?
Bet is to lede our lyf in fame,
And, dying, leave behind grete name.

Know, warriors, ye most die som day,
Know, next minute, som happen may ;
Lyf is incertain to every beast and man,
Therefor let die as bravelich as we can.

Die not like peple in soft bed,
Who on smal pain grete teres shed,
Rizt thus they don, and coward grane,
Ne die lich us on the grene plain.

Fizt wel, and peraunter som may
Rise hie for feat of armes to day:
Bear in your mind, and stronglich think,
' If ye do spy!, Ynglond wol sink.'

Lo ! yon the fomen come in syzt ;
We wol ere long put them to flyzt.
God save our king ! nowth fast lay on ;
Ring, trompes, on high, sound, clarion !



ALCIBIADES.

A LAY OF ANCIENT GREECE.*

B.C. CIRCA 431.

BENEATH the column'd portico,
Where myrtles breathe, and richly glow
The brightest gems which summer's hand
Showers in the lap of Ias'¹ land,
Radiant with joy, and grace, and beauty,
A noble youth his task of duty
Pursues, with tablet and with style.
He leans with boyish love and boldness
Against a fairy-form the while.
Seem to upbraid him—as with coldness—
Two delicate figures near; and one
The hour-glass sands bids faster run.
Around a globe her fair arm press'd
With cincture soft hath given it rest.
The other holds a silken shade,
A frontlet decks her tresses' braid.
The game of five-bones, sport for boys,
Old men, and girls, a third employs.
And stealing forth, like drops of rain
From April clouds, some wild notes straying
From citharist's tuneful chords complain
Of the hard task their sport delaying.

* Suggested by the copy of a painting by Schopin, in the Munich Gallery.

The mastery at length is made,
 The Samian's² drift right well survey'd,
 For which discovery 'tis said
 A hecatomb, rich offering, bled !
 The fair ones thus released and free,
 Or clap the hand with innocent glee,
 Invite the dance, or joyful cry
 Upraise—but *one* sings "VICTORY !"
 And Echo answereth sweet "OR I !"
 And fainter yet "AY !"—"AY !"

WHO in the house of Pericles
 Teacheth with dignity and ease ;
 And, the delightful lesson done,
 Cuirass and helmet buckleth on ?
 Of men the *wisest* and the best ;
 The oracle him thus confess'd !
 And who on knee so graceful bending
 Fastens the greaves with iron clasp ?
 The youth ! who, too, her aid is lending,
 Fixing the spear in burly grasp ?
 That fairy-form 'tis all the while !
 The soldier-sage wins many a smile ;
 For th' young and artless woo the light
 Of glory, heedless of its *night*.³
 The hero thus bent on the field
 Adjusteth to his arm the shield ;

And clanking sword, and martial stride,
Bewray a patriot's generous pride.

Sudden the grove that late was ringing
With Nature's music, hush'd and still
Becomes ; a rushing wind is bringing
Tempest and dust o'er vale and hill.
Th' Acropolis⁴ is snatch'd from view,
Its temples, towers, and ramparts true ;
And for the mist no man may spy
The sacred vessel⁵ sailing by.
A flash succeedeth, dazzling bright !
And—hark ! Upon the mountains' height,
The pealing thunders fast are roll'd,
Hill echoes hill in answer bold ;
The valleys shrink as th' elements scold,
And seem to murmur " HOLD ! "

At the first lull—token of peace,
Thus speaketh Alcibiades :—
" The angry bolt hath wing'd its flight !
But *who* hath mark'd its meaning bright ?
Unarm'd, though arm'd, we helpless stand ;
Heaven's ire shall cease at no command.
The timid and the bold alike,
As in the battle's front are wending,
And dread, without the power to strike,
The flash with fatal force impending.

But could man thunder back again,
E'en Jove might hurl his bolt in vain.

And whence are wars? Spring they from pride,
Self-love, or greed of havings wide?
Vainly inscribed, with letters great,
On Delphi's temple's brazen gate,
Is "KNOW THYSELF!" Man *will* not know,
Else why his aspirations low?
Battling for self, and *future* pain,
Or *future* guerdon, never heeding,
He solely aims to cast a chain,
And set all hearts with sorrow bleeding!
Grant but the power, ne'er lack'd the will
To wrong, to trample, or to kill.
Envy and jealousy each State
Embarrass, and inspire with hate.
So may I, should I live to fame,
And sovereignty o'er Hellas claim,
Teach the ambitious States to know
Their interests in one channel flow,
And that our arms should never go
Save 'gainst the Common Foe!"

Answereth the man in armour bright :—
"O son of Clinias, the light
Of reason, like a ray divine,
Upon thy generous breast would shine!

Without a *law*, without a *will*,
That bolt possess'd no power to kill ;
But thousand bolts that yield no flashing,
Careering noiselessly, but sure,
Giving no outward wound, are dashing—
No shield to ward, or leech to cure !—
'Gainst our frail natures. Wrapp'd in pride,
Temptation's slave, man strives to hide
Th' unwelcome truth. E'en thus, being *weak*,
To know himself he dares not seek ;
Thence *ignorance*, and its evil state :
Knowledge sole good—but true and great !
Ah, did vain man in wisdom grow,
E'en though he learn'd, we *nothing* know,⁶
Few, sure, of idle pleasures dreaming
Would e'er embark upon a sea,
Where rays of light *untrue* seen gleaming
Hide VIRTUE, which MAN'S AIM should be !
Heed *us* th' intelligible sign,⁷
Where'er it warn—our help divine !
Though mad ambition bolts doth fling
More to be feared than Persia's KING,
Thus guided, may'st thou safely tread
Each difficult path before thee spread ;
Thyself inform'd, teach States to KNOW
From PIETY and PRAYER doth grow,
All that is great or good, and show
Temptation the Grand Foe ! ”

Shines forth the golden eye of day ;
 The scowling storm-cloud yieldeth way,
 Mutt'ring, like Persia's host of old,
 O'er Marathon's plain in ruin roll'd ;
 Or as, at famed Thermopylæ,
 Œbalia's⁸ spear the invaders flee ;
 Or as on Salaminian wave,
 Where Greeks 'gainst fearful odds are dashing,
 The foe, to shun a watery grave,
 Flies from the brass-beak'd galleys crashing.
 Plataea too, and Mycale,
 Scatter like chaff the enemy.

Shines forth day's golden glorious eye.
 Lo, Iris in the humid sky
 Painteth her variegated bow,
 While Nature's tears are dropping slow,
 From bay, from olive, and the vine !
 Hist ! the blithe nightingale her song
 Uttereth full sweet !—And forth are faring
 The famous *two*.⁹ Though hemlock strong,
 Though fire impend, high deeds of daring
 Will be achieved. To foe from friend
 Alternate driven, yet *one* shall lend
 With cincture soft her soothing arm.
 His mighty pride seven chariots charm !¹⁰
 Though Parian marble grace his name
 And tomb *abroad*, he burns for FAME !
 For *still* that fairy-form on high
 Chanteth the song of "VICTORY !"

And echo answereth sharply "TRY!"

Then sadly sweet "AY!"—"AY!"

- (1) The ancient name of Attica.
- (2) Pythagoras is said to have sacrificed 100 head of cattle for joy, at his discovery of the 47th proposition of the First Book of Euclid.
- (3) "The path of glory leads but to the grave."—Gray. The brave and gallant Wolfe was heard to repeat this line several times on the eve of his glorious fall before Quebec.
- (4) The Citadel of Athens.
- (5) A ship sent annually by the Athenians to the sacred island of Delos with a mission to perform thanksgiving to Apollo.
- (6) A common saying of Socrates was *that he only knew this—that he knew nothing*. Hence the Oracle pronounced him *wisest*, &c. Similar is Sir Isaac Newton's comparison of himself to a child collecting a few shells on the sea shore.
- (7) This alludes to the *genius* of Socrates, which directed him in the whole course of his life.
- (8) The ancient name of Laconia.
- (9) Socrates and Alcibiades. The latter had a statue of marble placed over his tomb in Bithynia by command of the Emperor Adrian.
- (10) Alcibiades sent on one occasion seven chariots to contend in the races at the Olympian festival, where he won the first, second and fourth honours. Such was his indomitable desire of pre-eminence in every thing.



Lays of Great Britain.

LAYS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

I.

A LAY FOR THE FREE.

Beneath the rugged rock,
Listening the surgy shock,
Where all breaks into foam, and retreats with a roar ;
Marking the unnumber'd smile
Of rippling waves the while,—
Sat the stern man of Song on the sandy shore.

“Hath e'er the hostile sail
Veer'd hither by the gale,
To this land of the bold, of the beauteous, the free ?
The sea yields not a trace
Of the Phœnician race,
That e'er rode in their galleys, O Albion, towards thee !

Did e'er that captain bold,
Who Rome's seven hills did hold,
Seek o'er savages painted dominion to try ?

Oh, no ! that veteran great
Ne'er left his high estate,
With his own temples charm'd, and Italia's sky.

Were Saxon and the Dane
Five hundred years our bane ? [green ?
And with spears did they move through our valleys so
They came in friendly wise :
Lo where before our eyes [seen !
Their fair churches, though crumbling with eld, still are

Bayeux² doth represent
A tale that ne'er was meant ; [fight.
The proud Norman with crossbow but taught how to
Freedom hath ever been,
E'en as yon wavy green, [might !"
Which hath roll'd, and still rolls, and shall roll in its

As Folly wax'd thus strong,
Deep sighed the Son of Song,
And there started a tear, through a smile, to his eye.
He hath in mind to sing
A great and noble thing,
How our forefather's scorned not for freedom to die.

Then spake the laurell'd Fame :
" Seek not a poet's name. [melt.
Though the rocks be made vocal, man's heart shall not
Fond incredulity
Hath greatest potency,
And shall ne'er heed the lesson till actually felt.

One noble hero fell—
 Hark, 'tis a passing bell ! [thee.
 Break thy harp,—and rejoice, there are worthier than
 And know, a weapon new,³
 To Art and Valour due,
 Shall protect the pure homes of the fair and the free ! ”

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- (1) *ποντίων τε κυμάτων | 'Ανήριθμον γέλασμα, κ.τ.λ.*
 Æsch. Prom. Vinct. 89.
 (2) An engraving of the Bayeux tapestry occurs in Mrs. Markham's Hist.
 of England.
 (3) The needle-gun.



II.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

Beautiful flower, of all flowers Queen,
Though next the lily may be seen,
How hath thy fair and spotless name
Attach'd to rolls of blood-stain'd fame!
Sweet symbol of our nation's pride
(An emblem dear on either side);
Round thee immortal honours shine,
And fragrance grows;
Perpetual youth is also thine,
Old England's ROSE!

Thy white and red, in civil brawl,
Where friend array'd 'gainst friend doth fall,
For thrice ten years, through havoc torn,
Caused many a gentle child to mourn.
Maid, wife, and widow, wept to see,
Though nine times flush'd with victory,
Thy banner proud, thy banner tall,
In thirteenth fight,
On Bosworth's plain for ever fall,
Thou ROSE of WHITE!

St. Albans the first conflict saw :
Then sole prevail'd the victor's law :
By murder, axe, or in the fight,
Kings, princes perish—duke and knight.
Earls, viscounts, barons, fill the sheet,
And carnage maketh all complete ;
And thousands eighty-six well nigh
 Their blood have shed,
'To batter down, or raise on high
 The ROSE of RED.

A marriage-feast the strife doth end !
And WHITE and RED together blend.
Yet though four hundred years recede,
Abroad, dissension sows her seed.
Gigantic warfare hath expanded,
And son 'gainst sire again been banded.
And peoples groan for tyrants see
 No law but Might.
Lo, there is naught like LIBERTY,
 Old England's RIGHT !



III.

LINES ON LEWES.

Where ancient Lewes' ivied castle stands,
In burly strength and fragmentary pride,
An antique battle-field expands,
Of which the fame is wide.
Have you not heard how Leicester's earl,
In days of high baronial power,
The crest of tyranny to lower,
'Gainst royalty array'd the churl?
Thus rights were sought, and wrongs express'd
In steely helm and mailed vest,
In that rude season,
When Might rode rough-shod like the rest,
Nor heeded *Reason*;
But trampled freedom, gently springing
Like tender crops, heav'n's blessings flinging
On the poor cotter's child,
Amid the weald so wild.

Perch'd on thy cliff, thou walled town of old,
The visitor thence an English scene describes
The mansions of thy burghers bold
Are spread before his eyes,—

And tower, and church, and spire, I ween
 (And where the friars once were found),
 And lowly cot, with roof embrown'd,
 Green lanes, and veteran trees are seen.
 There Ouse her humbler measure fills,
 Attended by a hundred rills,
 All sweetly flowing ;
 Whilst round the verdant vale, the hills
 Their forms are throwing.
Steam, too, in modern mood is wending :
 But ev'n as erst on thy cliff, bending,
 The harebell, Nature's child,
 And totter-grass so wild.

The errors of mankind attest how weak
 Is judgment, faith, or principle of good ;
 Power may, concenter'd, vengeance wreak,
 Nor heed our tears, though tears of blood.
 The churl shall still rude handling find ;*
 He tills thy glebe, he cuts thy grain—
 But prison's foul, indelible stain
 Shall break his erring spirit and mind.

* This refers to a case affecting the agricultural labourer, and was headed in the papers (Aug. 1866), "Taking the pound of flesh." A labourer absented himself from his employer during harvest. Upon an examination before the magistrate it appeared that farmers are in the habit of dismissing labourers *without notice*, "when they have no work to be done." The magistrate said there certainly ought to be a week's notice on either side. He had, however, no alternative but to send the defendant to prison for a week. But his words are worthy of the lips of an Englishman: "I should have been very glad to have been the means of making the case up if I could, but I cannot do any more. *I dislike* sending any man to prison, especially a hard working man like the defendant."

Hail, then, the man who sits in power,
And strives to spare, when clouds do lower,
The unletter'd reaper ;
May happiness around his bower
Aye be his keeper ;
May he the ignorant mind enlighten,
And many an English home still brighten :
For the poor reaper wild—
He was the cotter's child !



IV.

CORUNNA.*

Our veteran warriors, one by one¹

From earth's grand stage are fast retreating;
Their bold exploits are past and done :

Yet comes (as 'twere) their silent greeting,²
Oft as the year, with radiance smiling,

Hands round each martial day recurring,—
The timid of their fears beguiling,

The bold to future actions spurring.
Ah ! well for them whose fate has been
To shed their life-blood on the green,

On rock, or sandy plain ;

Say not to them in vain,

Fighting to save us from a foreign yoke,

Upon the gory sward,

"Hath loosed been the silver chord,

Or the golden bowl been broke ! ”³

Sixty-one years have sped their way ;

Scarce are a scatter'd few remaining,

Who shared the glories of that day—

With all the dire and dread campaigning ;

The toilsome march through cold and slough—

The ration scant, in peril eaten—

The grim retreat—the impending foe ;

Batter'd and bruised, but *never* beaten,

* Jan. 16, 1800.

When fell upon Corunna's height
 The shatter'd hero of the fight,
 His duty, nobly done,
 And theirs, who, struggling, won.
 So not in vain, where cannon's roar and roll,
 Amid the deathful scene,
 "The silver chord hath loosed been,
 Or broke the golden bowl!"

O gallant army, tried and true,
 Before out-numbering foes retiring!
 What place *now* holds ye? Ye withdrew
 Safe 'neath your hero's guidance, firing
 E'en hostile hearts with admiration.
 Eternal joy, eternal fame
 Be theirs, who, battling for their nation,
 In Freedom's scroll emblaze their name;
 And our "eternal gem,"⁴ let all,
 Since one by one we droop and fall,
 Thus battling, strive to save,
 And greatest victory have!
 Are we not warn'd by many a solemn token
 Timely to heed the Word,
 "Or ever be loosed the silver chord,
 Or the golden bowl be broken!"

(1) Sir James Gordon, Jan. 8th, 1869, aged 88 years. Admiral Curtis, Jan. 14th. Sir Arthur Clifton, Feb. 28th, in 98th year. Viscount Gough, March 2nd, in 90th year. Lord Leconfield, March 18th. Sir Herbert Edwardes. F. M. Sir Edward Blakeney. General Sir De Lacy Evans, G.C.B., &c., Jan. 9th, 1870, in 83rd year. James Pearce, in 84th year, &c.

(2) "There greet in silence as the dead are wont."—*Shakespeare*.

(3) Ecclesiastes xii. 6.

(4) "And mine eternal jewel thrown away."—*Shakespeare*.

V.

THE VILLAGE CORONATION.

In a village by the Stour,—
Where old Time with the beauteous Hour
Sported erst on the margent green ;
Where tower, and mound, and moat are yet seen,
And turretted church with battlement fine,
And the Roman's camp, a place for kine ;
And the Priory¹ church, where the princes² sleep
Under the corn that dry doth keep ;
On the Queen's Coronation Day
The old and the young went forth to play.

Tell me, tower, though rent thou be,
That hast stood, ere the Saxon Heptarchy,
The East Angles' defence, and marking their bound ;
By the Danes who in yonder pit³ are found ;
By thy splendour and strength both early and late,
When the Earl's brave issue enthroned sate ;
By thy Swan, to a Tree with Links of Gold⁴
Enchainèd, by which some fact is told ;—
Tell,—if thou noted'st upon that Day
How thy young and thy old went forth to play !

Forth they went ! the street was strew'd
With branches verdant ; flowers, rich-hued,
Scatter'd the balm of their odorous might ;
And the old man gladden'd his heart at the sight,
As he march'd to the music, side by side
With the ancient crone, once his lovely bride ;
Fann'd by the pennons, whose azure fold
In by-gone fights may have been unroll'd,
But borne by the rose-cheek'd upon that Day,
When the old and the young went forth to play.

Stately peal ye, village-bells !
Oh how softly (listen), and merrily swells,
Mellow'd by distance, the dulcet sound ;
And the tenderest visions of love come round !
And *loudly* peal ; for, lo, array'd
In purest white, comes the village-maid,
Whom voices two thousand upon the green
Greet, sceptred and crown'd—their rustic Queen !
They guarded her, e'en as guards guard at this day,
When those old and those young went forth to play.

Where are they now ? Well, by the Stour—
Or under the dial that points to the hour
Over the porch, where men enter to pray ;
For the old are the dead, or the *living* say,
And the young are the old. But the fiery steed
Hath snorted, and changed much their flowery mead.
Heaven rest them ! I am fain to dwell on past time,
And would link—as the Swan to the Tree—a rhyme ;

For wielded our young arm a sword on *that* day,
When the old and the young went forth to play!

- (1) Founded in 1246 for canons regular of the Order of St. Augustine, by Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, from whom descended the Mortimers, Earls of March, and the royal house of York.
- (2) Joan of Acres, second daughter of Edward I., by his wife Eleanor of Castile, born 1273 (the first year of his reign), in Palestine, at Ptolemais (Acre). Married at the age of eighteen to Gilbert, fourth in descent from Richard de Clare; afterwards to Ralph de Monthermer, servant to the Earl Gilbert. Died May 10th, 1306, in the first year of Edward II., who, with most of the English nobility, attended her funeral.
Edward, her eldest son by Ralph de Monthermer, afterwards created Earl of Gloucester and Hereford.
Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III. Died in Piedmont, 1369. First buried in the city of Pavia, hard by St. Augustine.
Elizabeth (first wife of Lionel), daughter and heiress of William de Burgh, last Earl of Ulster, whose mother was Elizabeth, wife of John de Burgh, Lord of Connaught, and sister and co-heiress of Gilbert, Earl of Clare, remarkable for having endowed and given the name to Clare Hall, Cambridge. Died 1363.—At Lionel's second nuptials, with Violenta, daughter of John Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, celebrated at Milan with extraordinary pomp, and at which a chosen company of English nobility were guests, the celebrated Petrarch was present. Philippa, only daughter of Lionel and Elizabeth, was married to Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, and had issue Roger, whose daughter Anne, marrying Richard of Cambridge, transferred the right to the crown to the House of York.
Edmund, son to the above-mentioned Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, and next heir to the crown after the demise of Richard II., was interred in the Church, where now remains but one monument to a knight, supposed of the Cavendish family.
- (3) A field called Dane Pit Lay.
- (4) On the front of an ancient house is the figure, in basso-relievo, of a swan fastened to a tree with a gold chain, commemorating some fact.



VI.

A MARTIAL ELEGY.

I. 1.

FALL'N is that column, sweet and fair to see,
Which whilere did uphold in lovely wise
The golden architrave of social weal,
With all the joyous bright entablature.
Fall'n is the column. Oh, full many a flower
Of rich expectancy lies crush'd below
The beauteous weight ! Bloom shall they never more,
Nor that proud column rear again its head
Where human hand, or mortal eye, have power.

Ye rustic maids, who while away the hour
A-culling nature's wild weeds, whence, 'tis said,
With elegant forms your truthful minds ye store,
And teach them to your fairy handiwork,
Are ye too sad ? and, mournful in your mood,
For sorrowing cypress change ye lilies fair,
For myrtle eglantine ? Ah, well I know
The doleful ditty from dear bosom welling
Sadly your sympathy, gently your grief, is telling !

I. 2.

Approach, and fear ye not ; but on this bank
(Which laurel shades) together let us sit,
And mingle griefs, and drop the pearly tear ;
So nature finds relief, and placid calm.
So by the river-side the captives wept,
Remembering Zion. And they hang'd their harps
'Upon the willows in the midst thereof,'
Nor deign'd to soothe their sufferings with song,
Since in strange land the waster with them kept.

We, nor from homestead, nor from freedom, swept,
The dire mishap, irreparable, long
Remembering, where no man will jeer and scoff,
Both now and eft our 'chief joy' will take down,
And bid attention to its tuneful strings :
A mournful air shall start our tears afresh,
A muffled rhyme shall oft our tears renew,
A martial strain at length shall solace bring,
Nor my right hand forget 'her cunning,' while we sing.

I. 3.

Ah, well could he unlock sweet Music's source,
And bid her luscious streams flow far and wide,
Enchanting homes ! Himself too knew to sing,
And weave the magic web of poesy,
Enriching Thought's domain. The sister's boon,
Painting, who lends to colour form and life,
And Sculpture, who bids Beauty soft and warm
Step from the marble block, knew him their friend ;

Whilst Learning gave, 'twas all she could, one throne.¹

Nor less did Science mark him for her own,
Bright Science, whose fair footsteps heav'nward tend,
Whom young Invention courts. Her wieldy arm
Lightly she casts o'er many a land remote;
By her the spark talks 'neath the Atlantic roar!
The dark Earth yields to Day a sheeny house,
In which is holden the big World's vast fair;
The rock is broken; forth pure water wells;
Truth beams, and Ignorance foul, like hated cloud,
dispels!

I. 4.

Yet what avails it that the child of clay
Divulge the laws earth's crust which regulate,
Developing by study night and day
The mineral wealth that makes a nation great?
He may discover, but shall ne'er *create*:
Nor, though with him the chymic wonders bring
(Whose art shall ne'er make *void* the smallest seed),
Can his voice back recall the spirit ta'en wing,—
As now with him, for whom our hearts do bleed.

Then lowly bend, thou seer, in learned cell,
And meditate on man's most weak estate;
It were a theme we oft should ponder well,
To curb swell'n pride, or spirits too much elate.
With resignation and with pious will
Each dire bereavement firmly must be borne,
And the pale sorrowing cheek be wiped; yet still

Be often wet. Remembrance is a thorn
Near Eden's bow'r that grew, beloved, though it hath
torn.

II. 1.

Befits us here to pause, and change our style,
Pierian maidens, deck'd in raiment bright.
Next celebrate with martial minstrelsy
The hero lost, who was both good and great.
He came; in youth's fresh fragrance, bold and free,
With glory at his heart. And much he yearn'd
To win a chaplet for himself; and stand
To all posterity a brilliant light,
And grand exemplar of what man should be.

He came; and England's beauty flock'd to see;
The veteran too was there with eager sight;
The babe sprang forth, and stretch'd its little hand,
Which now, e'en now, to manhood's goal arrived,
Wields the sharp steel with patriotic glow.
All, all were fill'd with wonder and delight,
To see that youth, now wrapt in darksome shade,
With rapid wheels to Glory's field careering;
Raised was the loyal arm, and loud the gladsome
cheering.

II. 2.

In fields of Love the battle first he won,
And show'd himself a mighty conqueror.
Not Cæsar's self an equal glory knew;
Not Ammon's son, self-styled, whom men call great.

Though ransack'd be the old historic page,
 Where bloodshed, rapine, winged words describe;
 Though each exploit the Grecian stage held dear
 Be scann'd; unmatch'd, and matchless, will remain
 His name, and famed in every future age.

To high embattled towers, proof 'gainst Time's rage,
 Where ancient forest waves o'er spacious plain,
 The gazing multitudes beheld him bear,
 Like antique warrior, regal bride away,
 Rare virtue's meed. From that time forth he framed
 Grand schemes to benefit his fellow-man.
 For lofty was the tenour of his mind,
 As is the eagle's flight in fields of air;
 As noiseless eke,—since good, not praise, was all his
 care.

II. 3.

And heaven did greatly bless the meek and just,
 As onward he pursued his bright career;
 And God did build his house; so not in vain
 He hasted to the work at early dawn,
 Reluctant quitted at still voice of eve.
 When from the Lord a gift and heritage
 Befell: lo, hath he not his quiver fill'd
 With radiant arrows? round the parent stem,
 The children of his youth their branches weave!
 O doom'd this earthly scene so soon to leave!
 Thy counsel we should oft miss, save for them,
 Whom thou in virtue's lore hast wisely skill'd,
 To be our comfort. They, if need should be,

Will in the gate speak sharply with the foe,
 Or milder and more kindly method use,
 With unabashèd front, and forehead high,
 Enlustring thy great name. O well is thee;
 Bright path was thine illumed by immortality !

II. 4.

Can we forget that face serenely bold,
 O'er which the plume so gaily wont to dance,
 Whene'er him list a martial field to hold,
 And proudly on his glorious war-steed prance ?
 Behold the veterans with firm step advance,
 Red is their coat, and sable is their crest,
 And steel-tipp'd is the weapon in their hand,
 And love of country thrills in every breast,
 For which full oft they fall in foreign land.

Alas, no more he heads the gallant train,
 His faithful charger knows his voice no more,
 His servants not expect him home again,
 The day's great business, and the field, being o'er !
 Yet still the veterans with their proud step march,
 And love of country fires each noble heart,
 Whilst thou far, far beyond high heaven's arch,
 Hast gone to glory, where no more they part,
 Where tears be dried, and balm is pour'd on sorrow's
 smart.

III. 1.

Ay me ! how hard it is to wean our thought
 From that which hath familiar been so long ;

Or bring belief, though by sharp lesson taught,
 To credit change in aught that seemèd strong !
 Can he be gone, so lately us among ?
 There stand the elms in childhood's hour we knew,
 There reigns the oak, whence we the chaplet pull'd,
 There blooms the cowslip pale, where erst it blew ;
 The lovely scene, 'tis true, seems somewhat lull'd.

The lilies too, our olden friends, are there ;
 Still babbles o'er the stones the silver brook ;
 'Tis true, old faces scantily appear,
 And wear a worn and more expressive look.
 Far other children sport upon the plain ;
 A novel youth robust delights in arms !
 Scan we this page in nature's book again,
 For whilst 'sweet home' my anxious bosom charms,
 This change which here hath chanced my inmost soul
 alarms.

III. 2.

Tell me, thou antique spire, for thou must know,
 Continually shifts thus the village scene ?
 —Yes ! imperceptibly they come, they go ;
 Impossible the track where they have been :
 Yet here the ivy, there the yew-tree green.—
 Speak, pebble, from the crusted stone-arch rent,
 For thou art elder by a million years,
 And both by wind and wave hast oft been sent
 Whirling ; know'st aught of man, his joys, his tears ?
 —Yes ! casting angle, the poor fisher sigh'd,
 Who first me took, then gave unto the stream ;

The sportive infant next me gladly eyed,
O'er whose drown'd form the midnight moonbeams
gleam ;
The arm'd one with the sling lent wings to me,
And laugh'd, soon doom'd to bleed, when blood he
drew :
None e'er their time knew, nor what time mote be.
Together now they sleep 'neath shade of yew,—
The mason eke, who wrought with square and plummet
true.—

III. 3.

Haste then, to arms ! to glorious arms divine !
The shield of faith, the Spirit's all-conquering sword,
Salvation's helmet ! on your breast let shine
The plate of righteousness ! strong in the Lord,
And in the might and power of his Word !
Since high and low so lightly pass away,
Guard we our 'jewel,' our eternal joy !
For them we fear not, who can only slay :
Them tempest's wrath can scatter and destroy.
So arm'd went forth (ere evening clouds descend)
The faithful consort, and the father dear,
The fosterer of arts, the orphan's friend,
Who for fall'n warrior ne'er refused a tear.
So loved, so wept, hath hero seldom been,
Who long at honour's post hath faithful stood.
And now far greater bliss he holds, I ween,
Than grand Destroyer, stained with guiltless blood.
Oh, he is truly great who shames not to be good !

III. 4.

THE EARTH AND THE EARTH'S FULNESS IS THE LORD'S!¹

Ye nations, learn in whom our faith we place,
And change for pruning-hooks your temper'd swords,
And seek the love of God, and His Son's grace;
Then Liberty shall shine in every place.

Whilst England's sons their Sabbath bell observe,
Sweet peace shall bless each town and village green;
Long as from toil and duty they not swerve,
Happy her beauteous daughters shall be seen.

Rise then, oh rise, thou regal pile, on high,
To speak for ALBERT to a future age,
And speak for her, whose hope is in the sky!
Adjust for him the speech, ye statesmen sage;
Attune for her the voice, ye poets bold.
Lo, bard and statesman, and high pillar rent,
Shall by Decay in kindred dust be roll'd,
Ere the fair wreaths, Affection's tribute lent,
Wither and fade away, or lose their holy scent!

(1) The Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge.

(2) Inscribed near central figure in the pediment of western side of the Royal Exchange, at the suggestion of the late Prince Consort.

VII.

EBORAC*.

RED-HANDED slaughter, famine dire,
And desolations grim bestrew'd
By wide-consuming fire,
Through victors' power in deadly feud,
York's ancient city, proud and high,
Have oft laid low,
As full seven centuries† of her history
Attest and shew.
The annals of few other cities great,
Of old or modern date,
Have anything more dreadful to record
Of torch and sword,
Than th' Ouse hath seen
On margent green ;
Where temple, tower, fort, palace, keep, and hall,¹
Cathedral, abbey, church (where saints do gaze),
As TIME each epoch marks, in ruin fall,
'Mid people's shrieks and groans, sunk in the
horrid blaze !

The foliaged landscape—where men till'd
The ground, and, striving, scanty gained

* The ancient name of York. Eborac on silver coin of William I.

† From 430 to 1137.

The bread (so Heaven will'd !)
By sweat of brow to be obtained,
That man through idlesse should not rust,—
Oft sudden changed.
Then trampling far and wide, in smoke and dust,
The waster ranged !
And once, nor free from rapine, murder, theft,
A dwelling-house was left
'Tween York and Durham ; but a solitude
Vast, drear, and rude,²
And silent wail
York's beauteous Vale
O'ercame—the wild-beasts' haunt, the robber's lair !
Sad doom for him who on the way did fare,
Seeking wherewith to feed a wife, or child,
If, haply scaped the foe, such bide on moorlands
wild !

Then in the walled city, smote
By foreign spear, the unburied slain
Lay without mark or note :
Whom, living, hunger did constrain
To viands horrible. To such length,
In evil hour,
'Gainst York's bold citizens advanced in strength
The Norman power.
Nor ever Pagan tyrant could exceed
The hard, th' *unchristian* deed :
A hundred thousand human beings die !
Fell butchery !

Let kings heed well,
 In pious cell
 The *Norman* monk,* in our sixth Henry's reign :—
 "Th' Omnipotent will yet avenge their pain ;
 Will scrutinize and punish—sure, though slow—
 The actions of the high, and misdeeds of the low."

By 'splendour' (ne'er so to be named)
 The conqueror in his passion swore ;
 And an ill bidding framed :—
 "Leave not upon Northumbria's shore
 One soul alive. Hath York destroy'd
 'Gainst *my* high will
 Our garrison ? From York to th' Tyne make void :
 The word be "KILL !"
 There let the tall game wander where they list.
 North-men will ne'er desist,
 Until our iron heel hath crush'd them all."
 The trumpet's call !
 The battering ram
 With heavy slam
 Makes head ; the foe press on : bold Waltheof stands
 Within the breach—deals death with his own hands ;
 In vain ! For bribed by Norman gold, the Dane³
 Is seen with lessening sails retiring o'er the main !

O Roman Bar, call'd Micklegate,
 With turrets dight, embattled fine,
 Which age doth decorate !
 Thine arch above, a shield doth shine

* Ordericus Vitalis.

(Where golden colours richly dance
 'Midst thy huge pile),
 Bearing the arms of England and of France!
 In order file
 The great events, pictured to the mind's eye,
 Of thy wild history.
 Nor easily from thee turns our gaze away :—
 Those arms would say
 "Us twain between,
 Friendship hath been
 Unbroken as thy silv'ry stripe of sea
 Encircling freedom's throne—long may it be!
 Such love 'tween *sisters* should by *nature* last;
Both peoples were *made* foes—forgive—forget the
 past!"

O Bar! another Waltheof* shields
 From scath the world's most beauteous city :
 Though, phoenix-like, her fields
 Renew their bloom; be spared in pity
 Rich streets, where Milo's⁴ Venus hides—
 Where Science, Art—
 Where Learning with her priceless treasures bides!
 Thou Bar! my heart
 Is full; yet, ere I leave, tell—tell me why,
 Advanced *this* century,
 O'er-riding every Christian decree,
Iron we see,
And blood? The light
 Of old stream'd bright

* Trochu.

Through Galtres' forest from All-Hallows' tower ;⁵
 We are i' the dark. Hope still ! A king will rise,
 Whose empire *shall* be *peace*. Till that bless'd hour,
 Minster and church peal forth our prayer into
 the skies !

- (1) Ancient York, dignified with the title of "*Altera Roma*," is said to have been a perfect epitome of Rome itself. It had a temple of Bellona, a temple built only in Rome, and in the principal cities of the Empire; a palatium or imperial palace, situated where the ruins of the Abbey (St. Mary's) are now seen; baths, amphitheatres, &c.; and was severally honoured by the residence of the emperors Adrian, Severus, and Constantius Chlorus. It was the station of the Vith Legion (styled *victrix*), during a period of more than three hundred years. This Legion was brought out of Germany by the Emperor Adrian. Also of the IXth Legion, which came into Britain under the emperor Claudius, and was almost entirely destroyed by the forces of Queen Boadicea. In the struggles of the Saxons with the Britons for dominion, Eboracum was nearly razed to the ground.
- (2) "*Vastum ubique silentium, secreti colles; fumantia procul tecta; nemo explorantibus obviis.*"—*Tacitus*.
- (3) Osbern, the Danish admiral, having abandoned the Northumbrian insurgents to their fate, was banished by his brother Swein, the king of Denmark.
- (4) The ancient Melos, an island in the *Ægean* sea.
- (5) A beacon to guide travellers to York through the forest, which is said to have extended twenty miles to the north-west of that city, and was traversed by a Roman road to Aldborough and Catteric.



VIII.

BELLISAMA ; *

OR,

THE RIVER RIBBLE.

On Wold Fell,
Springeth a well,
Two-fold, crystal-bright ;
Adown the hill
Trickles a rill,
Curling, and tumbling, and leaping light—
Like an angry spark
In the midnight dark,
Like a golden dart
Through a sad lover's heart,
Languishing, crabb'd (as it may be), and cross'd !—
Though the trellis dank,
Or tangle of weeds from either bank
Its bed surrounding ;
Anon it is lost !
By many a beautiful sister-stream
Cherish'd, a brook—now a beck it doth gleam,
At length a noble river seaward bounding !

* A Phœnician word signifying *Venus in the Waters*.

Not Dircé or Ismenus, famed of old
In gorgeous story bold,
Affect the fancy with a mightier charm,
Or keener spirits warm,
Than Ribble rolling through fair Ribblesdale,
With legend rich, and rife with fairy tale,
“Where Pendle hill, and Penyghent, and *little* Ingle-
borough,
Peer three proud hills, their like not found, search ye
all England through !”

Nigh Wold Fell,
Chroniclers tell
How both Ure and Dee,
With Eden bright,
Springing to light,
Scatter their waves through the valleys free.
Braver mem’ries gleam
Of the Ribble stream ;
And its fairy dale
Lights a beautiful tale,
How in the days when thick forests lay wide ;—
When the dark morass
Forbad to the savage chief his pass ;
When wolves abounding
Near villages ride ;
And serfs but half-arm’d from the wild boar’s trail
Bring back the gored one all bleeding and pale,
’Mid shrieks of matrons wild the corpse surrounding ;
Rome’s sturdy sons, foremost in warlike art,

To Albion's extreme part,
 Through shene and shadow, by vile prisoners' aid,
 Both stone and gravel laid.
 Then rose the temple in its marble pride,
 The altar, villa, by that waterside,
 "Where Pendle hill, and Pennyghent, and *little* Ingle-
 borough,
 Peer three proud hills, their like not found, search ye
 all England through !"

The Dane's host
 Peopled its coast,
 Rearing tower and town ;
 And Saxon strife
 Ready and rife
 Raged in the valleys, and smote all down ;
 Walalega's* plain,
 Beheld heaps of slain ;
 Wada, traitor bold,
 There his king would have sold.³
 Edward, confessor, was lord of the vale ;
 Then the iron hand,
 That drove the fair cattle from the land,
 A stronghold founded,
 With park and with pale.
 The Baron then bode in his castle's strength,
 Prison'd with grandeur and pride—till at length
 In tyrant's ear sweet liberty *he* sounded.
 Time-honour'd Lancaster, famed John of Gaunt,

* Whalley, viz, Well-field, or the Field of Wells.

Made Ribblesdale his haunt.
 Bruce scourged its banks ; and after Worcester's fight,
 There rested Charles a night.
 And yet again against the Stuart's throne
 The tide of fortune turn'd, and it was gone,
 " On Ribble's banks where hall, and church, and stately
 abbey tall,
 Through foliage rich, in scenic beauty, grandly rise or
 fall ! "

Far and wide
 Stonyhurst's pride
 Towers o'er lofty trees ;
 And Langridge Fell
 Witnesseth well
 Where lived the Sherburnes in glorious ease ;
 When that heiress^t bright
 All array'd in white,
 With her bridesmaids fair,
 At the altar's stair,
 Wedded her *love* in the third Edward's reign.
 He a chantry raised
 Near Hodder and Calder (heaven be
 praised !),
 Their streams uniting
 On Mitton's domain.⁵
 And now though five hundred years are fled,
 Seen are their figures,⁶ their scrolls may be read,
 Rich blazonry impressive thoughts exciting !
 But the *two woods*⁷ declare that lover's name,

Twofold, and yet the same;
 For Oto thus, and Hugo thus, were called.
 Whose distant kin, inthrall'd
 By civil strife, their lands confiscate, fly:
 Thus high become the low, the low the high,^s
 "Where Ingleborough, Pendle hill, and lofty Penny-
 ghent,
 Peer three proud hills, the highest found, 'tween Scot-
 land and 'tween Trent."

 But no theme
 Brighter may gleam
 Nigh the Ribble's flow,
 Than Yule-tide, kept
 Where of old slept
 Roger and Ilbert,* of Clederhow
 Tyrant lords, whose sway
 In the olden day
 O'er the weak was strong;
 And it lasted long!
 Wycoller Hall on its boards long and wide
 Goodly fare could show
 To vassal, to serf—to high or low,
 Grim boar's-head serving
 At merry Yule-tide.
 The 'Hill by the Waters' hath won more fame:
 Children, grandchildren, twice twelve, thither came,
 Whose ancestors from loyal deed ne'er swerving,
 Shed honour through the holly-decked hall

* Roger de Poitou, and Ilbert de Laci.

Of gallant seneschal.
 On Christmas Day may many such a clan
 Through British Empire plan
 Happy reunion. With devotion mix'd
 Be merriment! On both all hearts were fix'd,
 "Where Ingleborough, Pendle hill, and lofty Penny-
 ghent,
 Peer three proud hills, the highest found, 'tween Scot-
 land and 'tween Trent,"

When the bowl
 Gladden'd each soul
 In that spacious hall,
 And faces bright
 Beam'd with delight,
 Music's soft melody charming all.
 Then a glorious tale
 Of the Aire's sweet vale,
 How an aged yew
 In the castle grew,
 Told of the warriors of Skipton* array'd ;
 Next the converse fell
 On th' Talbots of Bashall—how not well
 In Waddington Hall
 A king was betray'd! †
 The Montagues, Curzons, and Custs were named,
 Lancashire's maidens for beauty‡ far-famed—
 Her men for courage, when great troubles fall.
 And now on LOYALTY the topic strays,

* The Cliffords. † K. Hen. VI. ‡ Lancashire fair women.—*Ray's Proverbs*.

And ends in WOMAN'S PRAISE !
 How naught in ancient or in modern story
 Surpasseth the high glory
 Of DERBY'S COUNTESS, beautiful and true,
 Or the proud EARL,⁹ who honour's lesson knew !
 Their fame on earth shall glitter bright, as long as
 Pendle stands,
 Or Truth resemble Ribble's stream, in watering the
 lands !

- (1) In the north of England, streams, scarcely large enough to be designated rivers, are usually called 'becks.'—*Dobson's 'Rambles by the Ribble,' p. 8.*
- (2) "Pendle hill and Penygghent and little Ingleborough,
 You'll not find three such hills, and search all England thorough."
 "Ingleborrow, Pendle, and Penigent.
 Are the highest hills between Scotland and Trent."—*Old Couplets.*
- (3) The district about Clitheroe is not without traditions of civil wars, even in days anterior to the Norman conquest, and the adjoining village of Waddington (Wada's Town), and the little hill of Waddow (Wada's hill), preserve the name of the Saxon chieftain of whom Simeon of Durham, in his Chronicle says:—"A.D. 879. The assassins of King Ethelred having joined in a conspiracy, Wada, the leader of that conspiracy, made war with them against Eardulph, the king, in a place called by the English Billangahoh [this name is preserved in the two places of Billington and Langhol, near Walalega, and great numbers being slain on both sides, the leader, Wada, was routed with his followers."—*See Dobson's Rambles, &c., p. 110.*
- (4) Margaret, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Richard de Sherburne, who died in 47 Edward III., married Richard, son of John de Bayley [and grandson of Jordan de Bayley, who by deed without date had Stonyhurst by the gift of Henry de Wath and Margaret his wife] about 51 Edward III. He had license for an oratory at Stonyhurst, 1372, and dying 2nd Richard II., had issue Richard, who assumed the surname of Sherburne. Hence the Manor of Aghton, in the inquisitions of the time, is found to be in possession of the Sherburnes. By this marriage of the heir of Bayley with the heiress of Sherburne, the original family of Sherburne became extinct.—*See Baines' History of Lancaster, Vol. III. p. 368.*
- (5) "The Hodder, the Calder, the Ribble, and rain,
 All meet in a point on Mitton's domain."—*Old Couplet.*
- (6) "The Sherburne Chapel, dedicated to St. Nicholas, on the south side, is divided from the church [of Mitton] by a decayed screen. Over the door in this chapel are the arms of the Sherburne family, and within are marble monuments, and figures, large as life, to the memory of many members of that knightly house."—*Baines' Hist. of Lancaster, ib. p. 369.*

- (7) Mitton Wood, and Bailey Wood. "The Mittons, who early became extinct, are radically the same with the Bayleys, for Oto de Bayley and Hugo de Mitton were brothers, and sons of Jordan, sometimes called de Bayley and sometimes de Mitton, as Jordan is said to have been son of Ralph, *Persona de Mitton*. Of these Ralphs styling themselves *Personæ*, there were two at least, of whom the oldest must have lived very near the conquest. The similarity of the arms of Mitton to Bayley, viz. per pale Az. et Purp., an eagle displayed with two heads, Arg. confirms this hypothesis."—*Whittaker's Hist. of Whalley*, p. 467.
- (8) "The low are descended from the high, and contrariwise the high from the low."—*Camden*.
- (9) James Stanley, seventh Earl of Derby ["beheaded at Bolton, the 13th of October, 1651, for strenuously adhering to King Charles II."], and Charlotte de la Tremouille, his Countess. This illustrious lady was the daughter of Claude, Duc de la Tremouille, one of the Huguenots who aided Henry IV. of France in his wars against the league. She was descended also from the royal family of France, being grand-daughter to Charlotte Bourbon, Princess of Orange. Her defence of Lathom House, in the absence of the earl, has been celebrated by L.E.L. This heroic woman on receiving a summons to give up her lord's house, replied—"When our strength and provisions are spent, we shall find a fire more merciful than Rigby; and then, if the providence of God prevent it not, my goods and house shall burn in his sight; and myself, children, and soldiers, rather than fall in his hands, will seal our religion and loyalty in the same flames." She lies interred in the Stanley Chapel, in Ormskirk, beside her brave and headless husband. There is a portrait of the earl and his lady in Knowsley Hall, and an original by Vandyke in the collection of the Earl of Clarendon.



IX.

GIBRALTAR.

"Surrender!"—"What?"—"Your arms!" Thus
spoke

The enemy: a ghastly joke!
For volley upon volley roll'd,
The answer—"Take them!" grimly told.
So be it to each, and so to all,
Who by cajoling, and deep wile,
Do seek thy capture, and our fall,
Or tempt our weakness, 'neath the smile
And guise of flatt'ry; as erst 'tis said
Happ'd to the Lion, who the Maid,
His awful teeth, and rending claw,
Suffer'd to clip, suffer'd to draw
(I ween his error soon he saw).
But be our counsels firm at home,
No harm to us, or thee, shall come;
For, wrapp'd in fire, thy deathful shock
No foe may brook, O gallant Rock!

Well doth our great and Christian land
War's fatal dealings understand.
Tax'd e'en the bread to labour given,—
Tax'd e'en the blessed light of heaven,

Our fathers born to humble state
 Cursed the dire cause with bitter hate ;
 Pouring their blood in foreign land
 At selfish tyrant's proud command ;
 Pitted against vile slaves, who knew
 No air of FREEDOM, and who drew
 Swords to uphold worse tyrants' might,
 That brake all laws, and strangled RIGHT ;
 And gagg'd THE PRESS, THE PEOPLES' LIGHT !
 Though medall'd, maim'd, escaped the field,
 Our sires again their ploughshares wield,
 For but to few, the pets of Fame,
 Fall stars, a palace, and A NAME !

Mountain of Taric,* 'tis for thee
 Our hearts beat high ! Thou art the key
 Of midland seas from th' ocean wide.
 Into thy port securely glide,
 Its freedom sharing, one and all,
 Vessels from every clime that trade.
 Stands thy invulnerable wall
 The strongest curb to hostile raid.
 In peace or war a post of power,—
 A refuge in tempestuous hour,
 Rock, in thy fortress rend'ring free
 'The navigation, nations see
 England's superiority.
 Rock of the Straits, dear to friends' eyes,
 But dreadful unto enemies,

* Gebal Taric signifies in Arabic the Mountain of Taric.

Thou signal'st to the ocean blue
A mistress, glorious, great and true !

In millions sunk let British gold
Naval supremacy uphold ;
And be this tower of strength our pride,
Since COMMERCE thus can safer ride ;
For Britons, born in island home,
Loving to madness Neptune's foam,
Great in the field, move greater far
Upon the wave *in iron car* !

This city—fortress—colony—
Guard with strong hand and watchful eye ;
And where four sieges fail'd before,
Foil'd by one hundred cannons' roar,
Seven hundred point their levell'd bore !
Thus, far from home, our old ally,
Morocco's king, shall yield supply,
And States that border on the wave,
Clasp the strong arm that lives to save.

By capture first, and lapse of powers,
Became Gibraltar's 'pillar' Ours.
Next Utrecht's treaty fix'd the right
Incontrovertibly. But Might,
Gambling in nations' blood, scarce heedeth
Cession in perpetuity. •
Alas for man ! From whence proceedeth
Unrest in "th' gods of th' earth ?" May we
Hold on in faith, and firmness, bent
To use that well which hath been lent :

Mind an enslaved world to awe,
Power to break th' unscrupulous claw,
Gold favouring *truth*, and aiding *LAW*.
Thus ceded to GREAT BRITAIN'S CROWN,
Though envy scowl, and malice frown,
This Rock for the nations' good, be told,
For three half-centuries we hold !

Vast "column of the inner sea,"
Upheav'd by wondrous agency !
Though on thy eastern cliff the sand
Shelves in a sparkling mass, her hand
Fair vegetation doth not close.
Climb the geranium, and the rose,
Clematis, aloe, o'er each steep ;
The almond, orange, palm-tree peep
O'er stony boulders ; whilst on high
The soaring eagle, mocks the sky,
Kens in th' dim distance far away,
Beyond thy broad and deep blue Bay,
Atlas his snowy caps display ;
And starts as yon white smoke below
Doth with some anger forward go,
As England's duteous son* hath hurl'd
Good morn, or eve, unto the world !

* The British artilleryman on the Rock battery.

X.

OUR COLONIES.

Where'er the glittering hand of Morn
Unbars the golden day,
It waves above a loyal land,
That owns the British sway.
In every region of the globe
Dwells a community,
Who speak one language, great and grand,
The language of the free.
There manly hearts, and bold,
As from one strong sire, hold
The charter of their freedom bright;
Hourly increase their treasures and their might,
As England's ships across the watery glass
To the four quarters pass;
And in their noble bosoms glow
Faith, zeal, and love for Britain's Crown, that
doth rich gifts bestow.

The sons of toil oft have a task,
Too hard for man to bear—
To battle for their daily bread,
An insufficient fare :

So forth in search of homes they leave,
 With aching heart and head,
 The glorious land that gave them birth,
 And yet denied them bread.
 Then the good anchor cast,
 And make with cable fast

The friendly shore, whose harbour wide,
Receives the EMIGRANT with stately pride !
 No wasting war, contrived by Statesman cold,
 Shall lay him in the mould ;
 But he shall *work*, and working *grow*,
 Great in himself, then faithful found, HIS MASTER
 he shall know !

British supremacy ! retain
 The symbols of your power,
 Wherever British Colonist
 With good work fills the hour.
 If selfish Senator withhold
 His sympathy and love,
That will not England's people bold,
 Whom gallant efforts move.
 Then, men-of-war, sail out,
 With ironclad so stout,
 And turret-ship—whose funnels low
 Scarcely above the foaming surges show ;
 From future nations ward the sudden stroke,
 For to no foreign yoke
 Will British Colonist, in fear
 Submit, more than his sire of old, or England's
 proudest peer !

Thus rise a strong confederacy,
To work the world some good,
Like magic girdle with blazed words,
“Now shed ye no more blood!”
For Drake and Hawkins labour’d, men
Of mighty enterprise,
With other chiefs, scarce next in rank,
And built by conduct wise
An *empire*, mighty, vast,
To flourish, and TO LAST!
Tighter be drawn with links of gold
The love, which still the colonist should hold—
Though ‘neath new skies, ‘cross Neptune’s billowy
roar,—
To mother-country’s shore;
Enough at home to ‘do or die,’
God speed alike those o’er the wave, and may
they ‘MULTIPLY!’



XI.

NEPTUNE.

KING Neptune in his chariot rode
Along the boisterous sea,
And said, "What think these islanders,
And how say they of me?
That 'steam' hath 'bridged' the ocean wild,
That yoke yet never bore?
I wot not that old ocean's child
Spake thus in days of yore,
When Spain her grand Armada sent,
To trample Freedom's shore;
My trident through the heaven's went,
And set the seas in roar.

E'en so when mightiest Julius came,
Whose troops might not be lost,
His empty galleys, anchor'd hard,
I rent and tempest-toss'd.
If 'steam' hath nations closer knit,
Then SCIENCE heed the more,
Nor rail against old ocean's king,
Who guardeth still thy shore!"

He said, and no one saw him frown,
Or smile, though seas were calm,
When bathed in gold the sun went down,
And starlight's glories charm.

But ere Morn's earliest levell'd ray
Strike on the highest mast,
The match for all the fleets i' th' world,
The "CAPTAIN" shall be pass'd !
Five hundred hands shall sink below,
The bravest of the brave,
No eye to see, or heart to know,
Nor helping hand to save.
Yet in Old England's cause they die,
Unstain'd by smoke and gore.
Be ours Fame's sparkling wreath on high,
And *their's* Elysium's shore !



XII.

THE SEARCH IN THE ARCTIC CLIME.

NAUGHT is there to th' undaunted mind
Impossible—if sought aright ;
Though rock resist, though darkness bind
The effort, yet at last to light,
As tiny twig compels a way,
Springs forth success, and claims the day.
But oh, for man's weakness in this noble strife,
And the briefness of his life,
That one, or two,
Or e'en three, shall scarce go through
With the project, which his genius bright
First *read* aright !
Then, forward ! for the sharp winds blow ;
'Neath Alpine heights a road doth run ;
Through Suez sands the blue waves flow ;
And in the regions 'neath the sun
The source of Nile, long sought, is found.
E'en time and space contract their round.
Yet who—tell me who, that is of mortal mould,
Though proof to winter's cold,
Can brave the shock
Of that ice-bound polar lock ;
Who may knock and live, and firm await
Th' unbarring Gate ?

"The flag of England must be borne,
Where high emprise invents the way !
A rugged passage must be torn
Where the walrus hides, and white whales
play,
Where glaciers clash, and icebergs roam,
And the Boreal light doth go and come.
Search yet for the North-West passage ; search
and find !

God is before ! behind !
In faith press on ;
To hope's anchor cling ! All won,
Pass'd the snow-storm's rage, and billows roar,
Hail, England's shore ! "

So from Her Majesty's Government,
Who the ' Erebus ' and ' Terror ' fitted,
To Sir John Franklin word was sent.

The sails before the fair winds flitted,
On board there was a gallant crew—
Yet sweet return they never knew !

"I hope my dear wife and daughter will not be
O'er anxious, if we
Should not return

By the time they have fix'd on."*
Sad last words ! then to that fatal bourne
Steer'd ocean's son ! * * *

* "I hope my dear wife and daughter will not be over anxious, if we should not return by the time they have fixed on."—*Last recorded words of Sir J. F.*

XIII.

THE COTTAGE BY THE WAY.

In a cottage by the way, .
Clad in rustic garment grey,
Twirling at the spinning-wheel,
Winning thus a slender meal,
Sat a lone one ! Would you seek
A rose ? Then look on either cheek !
A lily ? View her forehead fair,
Shaded by her lovely hair !
A diamond, daughter of the mine ?
Her two eyes thus brightly shine !
'Neath the thatch, o'er lattice light,
All around her cottage white,
Mingled with the lily, blows,
Red and white, the fragrant rose.
But of diamonds she hath none ;
Ribbon blue for her hath done
All that diamonds—rubies rare,
For the wealthiest of the fair !

Somedeal steep'd in age, to pull
Snowy thread from ball of wool,
Striving at the spinning wheel,
Earning thus an honest meal,

Sat *the widow* at her door !
Years she had on her three score,
But upon her gentle brow
Lightly press'd the 'foot of crow.'
Up at break of earliest light,
On her couch at fall of night,
Sweet the voice of chanticleer
Fell upon her listening ear ;
Or the lay of nightingale
Haply, by its plaintive wail,
Told of days no more—the light
Streaming in from Phœbe bright—
Whilst old Time each warning tells,
To the chime of village-bells.

Who may be this widow mild,
Speaking soft to every child
Pacing by that cottage door,
Offspring of the good and poor,
Slate and satchel wistful bearing,
Little for hard letters caring ?
Who may be this widow old,
Whom the villagers behold
Toiling at the spinning-wheel,
Winning thus a scanty meal,
By that quiet cottage door,
Rich in peace, in garments poor ?
Point a moral doth her story :—
She the child of Truth, not Glory,
From a bud became a flower ;

Love then came, and spent his *hour*,
Feasted, danced at Nature's ball,
Flew—at martial trumpet's call !

Short the annals of the poor,
Sitting by their cottage door !
The gay ribbons flutter'd bright
Ending sad in Walcheren's fight ;
All amid the cannons' roar,
Love his homestead knew no more.
Tears at home full fast were falling :—
But the past there's no recalling !
Pause we at this cottage door,
Where abode the widow'd poor.
Here were peace, not murm'ring found ;
And THE VOLUME, plainly bound,
On the homely table lay,
In that cottage by the way.
England all her glorious might
Bases on that BOOK OF LIGHT,
Throughout village, tower, and town,
From the COTTAGE to the CROWN !



XIV.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

KING Henry knelt in fair Rosamond's bower.—
What king hath been proof to love's conquering power?
From the thorny brier the loveliest flower
He hath pluck'd, and set upon Beauty's breast.
From the cares of a crown he would gladly rest
For one short hour!

For goaded to madness the human mind
Flees like a child to softness kind;
E'en the hand that hath struck the enemy low
Will moisten the pale lip, and wipe the sad brow;
And the ruggedest warrior, with conscience of steel,
Will step short that the worm 'scape his iron heel.
Thus shall not a king whom anxieties bind,
In the charms of sweet converse a refuge find
For one short hour,
In fair Rosamond's bower?

She reached a missal—resplendent and gay
With jewels and gold—and she bad him pray;
But the dazzling clasps he push'd away.
With a Chronicle writ by the Saxons old,
Wherein regal achievements are rudely told,
She thought to stay
The pain of his mind—but it might not be:
Such is the doom of tyranny!
To a harp then love's captive meekly essay'd
To sing how *a loved one*,* by Saracen maid
From a prison in Palestine bravely set free,
With *two* magical words 'cross the foaming sea

* Gilbert, father of Thomas à Becket.

Pursued, was united to Saracen breast!—
 But the music though sweet, gives the king no rest
 For one short hour
 In fair Rosamond's bower!

The Ladye paused—and a sorrow-drop bright
 Slid down like an angel from tower of light,
 And enhanced that Rose's beauteous might.
 But the clergy's rights, and the barons' hold,
 So engross the king's mind he seemeth full cold.

 "Who shall own right,
 Priest, baron, or KING, English hearts to sway?"
 Such was the strife for *power* that day!
 Then a fowling with falcon trimly array'd
 Both ride o'er the wide fields, where fetter ne'er laid
 Its impression on *mind*. Now though sovereign and lord,
 Yet await him sharp penance, and knotted cord.†
 'Tis past—ages fly! Of the *maze* children tell,
 When they offer you drink—as you rest by th' *well*
 For one short hour
 Near fair Rosamond's bower!

† An instance of regal flagellation for the gratification of the upholders of the grossly misunderstood '*Spare the rod*,' &c. Equally misinterpreted *hitherto* has been Horace's 'sublime' whip. The Epithet does *not* mean 'raised on high to give greater force to the blow.' [See Virg. G. 2, 299. Summa flagella the highest parts of the shoots of a vine.] Subjoined is an attempt to render this elegant and *playful* ode.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

Once I lived companion meet | For the sweetest of the sweet, | Girls!—with
 whom in Cupid's court | Not without some fame I fought, | Now with bow
 and spear and shield, | No more will I to the field; | But my arms, my
 lyre, my all, | Hang discharged upon this wall, | Where the sea-born Venus
 bright | Peaceful guards them on their right. | Here—ah! here deposit sad,
 | Flambeaux, spar, which lover mad | Used 'gainst doors, which barr'd in
 spite | Sweet admission in the night. | O thou goddess heavenly fair, |
 Blissful Cyprus owns thy care, | Memphis too thy love doth know, | Free
 from cold Sithonia's snow: | Queen of Love, regard my prayer, | Smartly
 touch that haughty fair, | Chloe, *once*, with silken tip | Of thy ivory-
 handled whip!—*Hor. Ode III. 26.*

XV.

GRANTA.

Hinc lucem et pocula sacra. — *Virg.*

WHAT sound of chapel-bells thus sweetly ringing,—

What sight of pinnacles and fanes is bringing

The memory of the past

From the melodious caverns of old TIME,

Still vocal with the rhyme

Of the illustrious gone ? Why beats so fast

The heart, as o'er th' enchanted ground

The many-twinkling footsteps sound

Of British youth, in surplice white

Courting with zeal the soul's delight,

Fair PIETY ? What magic power here binds

With veneration e'en untutored minds ?

GRANTA her seat *here* holds ! embower'd sweet

Mid ancient trees, which high o'erarching meet,

Where winds the far-famed CAM his sedgy way,

And the nine muses play !

Then hail ! for here Hope bloometh, young and golden,

Here is rich thought by happiest models moulden,

Here rise the good and great,

Though fortune (fickle) holdeth not to all

Her glittering, orb'd ball.

Here princes, nobles, commons, rise to state,

Bold SCIENCE here hath rise.

Nor earth, nor air, nor seas, nor skies,

Nor fire, nor space, have here confined

The ever-penetrating MIND !

What power of language, or what reach of thought,³

GRANTA, shall tell the good that thou hast wrought,

Fair EMULATION beckoning on thy young

To pluck bright honour's guerdon high uphung,

In physic, law, divinity to shine,

And, GRANTA, be called *thine* !

No longer cowl'd, in silent cloister pacing,

Each liberty of thought from mind erasing,

And from God's own bless'd light

Immuring self, as smit by secret woe,

Unto his cell doth go

The bookish monk ; but ever-flashing bright

Truth after truth amasseth gains

To scripture-searching student's pains.

Th' immovable and central sun

By earth's dim speck around *is* run ;

Nor that alone, the glass—whose vision peers

Through spangled vista of a million years—

Astounding mirror of eternity !—

Past the remotest spark man's *eye* can see,

To the *same* law wed five hundred times as far,

Proclaims as bright a star !

How knowledge her fair eyelids hath uplifted !
Yet in that age called dark, men highly gifted
 Preserved, mid vigil, fast,
And works, " th' Eternal City's " classic page,
 Through time's or *man's* worst rage ;
• But error creeps o'er human things at last,
 E'en as the vellum's gold and paint,
 Adorning face of beauteous saint,
 Old text oft hides—where th' cuttle's shell
 Decay's sad havoc favour'd well.

And institutions both of Church and State
Flourish or fall, as meet them love or hate.
Now ere the *press* had burst on mortal sight,
And the great BIBLE pour'd a flood of light,
Abolish'd *first-fruits* shook the *foreign* power,
 In the third Edward's hour.

Thus on, and on—to one spot constant never,
The stream of incident flows past for ever.

 The English *mind*, awoke,
Rent superstition's veil with angry might,
 And rushing to the light

Its galling fetter saw, and fiercely broke.

 Then gentle Literature had birth,
 That lifteth man from off the earth ;
 Wycliffe, the sire of English Prose,
 And Chaucer, morning-star, arose.

When, crash, the glorious Eastern Empire fell !
And spirits, who Learning's cause since served so well,
Scatter'd through Russia, Italy, and Spain,

Dispersed Athenæ's richest fruits for gain.
 Lo where THE BOOK to Ptolemy once more
 The seventy hand o'er !

Isis and Cherwell, crown'd with gorgeous towers,
 Fair entertainment made in peaceful bowers :
 There, as from fountain-head,
 Famed Grocyn pour'd the pure delicious stream :
 The students' high thoughts gleam
 With love, as they drink deep, to Freedom wed.
 Now scatt'ring terror through the land,
 Despoliation's ruthless band
 On monastery, park or glade,
 Its hands unsanctified laid ;
 For *ill* with good still struggles to keep pace !
 Should then the seats of Learning have no place ?
 Christ's Church Cathedral answereth full well ;
 And ' Holy Trinity ' shall grateful tell,
 Long as her students brave aspire to fame,
 Of Eighth King Harry's name !



- (1) "The venerable fathers erased the best works of Greek and Latin authors in order to transcribe the lives of saints or legendary tales upon the obliterated vellum."—*Astle*.
- (2) "Our classical studies help us to interpret the oracles of God, and enable us to read the book wherein man's moral destinies are written, and the means of eternal life are placed before him."—*Prof. Sedgwick*.

XVI.

KING EDWARD III.

O THAT thy Spirit, all of heavenly fire,
Heroic Muse, would enter this weak 'shell,'
And burning words inspire,
The Third and greatest Edward's deeds to tell
In lyric measures well!
Then wide o'er England would I hurl *one* dart
Of flaming poesy,
Illumining each mind, ennobling every heart!
For what were crowns of England and of France—
Whose golden lilies Edward strove to unite;
And what the brazen lance
At Crecy, Poitiers, if a king shall light
His own ambition bright
Or shatter'd spear, or casque, or peoples' woe?
His own felicity [know!
A happier source should trace, a higher fountain
Obedience is divine! in every age,
In every clime,—for name or lucre small,
Love-smit, or cross'd with rage,
At country's or caprice's wanton call,
The hero—MAN will fall!
"How long, O Lord," the oppressed peoples cry,
In *hopeless* agony, [die?
"Must we our brother kill—for th' few THE MANY
Yet war's shrill clangor stirreth up thoughts grand,
Dearer seems COUNTRY, though it yield no home.
And in a stranger land

Keenly those links that never press will come
Across the mind, and roam.
And Baliol's crown, and Hainault's martial dame,
Old England's archery, [to FAME!
And 'spurs' and 'feathers three,' still tempt men on
Yet all is naught, if man no fruit derive
From fighting for his country or his king,—
If he not peaceful live!
For freedom's banner proud her shade should fling
O'er each beloved thing;
And WOMAN'S MASTER *sole* her *conscience* own
In virgin purity; [throne!
Each home hath then its king, who sits on rightful
For unto GOD, and not to sinful man,
The English matron shall confess; her mind
Untied by human span:
On her fair intellect hath SCIENCE shined,
Higher career to find!
But Edward's once proud mind to Alice bends,
And son's mortality;
In sadness and in gloom alone his days he ends.
Lo, where the HERO OF THE GARTER sleeps!
He Windsor's fortress to a palace turn'd;
Near him PHILIPPA keeps,
Faithful in death, in silent state in-urn'd,
Where funeral lamps have burn'd,
There crowds religion's *purest* form admire,
In transports—eagerly. [lyre!
And foreign chiefs approach to hear King David's

XVII.

ENGLAND'S OAK.

THE king of the forest, majestic and strong,
Had reign'd in his glory and peacefulness long ;
Abroad high in air his tall branches he flung,
And 'neath their kind shelter the sweet birds sung.

Oh ! *what* was their song ? When the moon shone bright,
They caroll'd a hymn to the Author of light ;
I' the noon-tide blaze they were silent awhile,
But burst forth afresh at the evening's smile.

When Spring in her beauty unfolded her vest,
When Summer in blossoms her sweetness express'd ;
In Autumn and Winter they folded their wing
Beneath leafy tents of their grand old king.

They builded their nests, and they cherish'd their young,
The truthful song for ever was sung,
As each generation successively pass'd ;
Of freedom their first song, of freedom their last !

So may we unfetter'd, industrious, and free,
Harmonious live on, underneath our old tree ;
To bow to another still thinking it scorn,
By tempest and TIME though his branches be shorn.

O people of England, if still you would hold
Your charter, renew'd oft with blood and with gold,
Of foes,—but not *foreign*, have heed and beware,
That seek your sweet *young* ones to net and ensnare !

Days of Love.

LAYS OF LOVE.

I.

LOVE'S VOYAGE.

YOUNG Love prepared a gallant bark,
Across the sea to go ;
And many a blossom'd wreath did mark
His sail of purest snow.
And sparkling lay the sun's bright ray
Along the wavy green :
Love vow'd 'twould prove the fairest day
That ever eye had seen.

But soon, too soon, the sky grew dark,
The rains began to flow ;
A hurricane o'ertook the bark,
And beat her to and fro.
'Twas bitter cold—the thunders roll'd,
As they the seas would overwhelm ;
But Love, a pilot skill'd and bold,
Sat stiffly to the helm.

Rough tempests not for ever last,
And smiles shall tears ensue ;
The sun broke forth, the storm flew past,—
A beauteous isle in view !
Love shook his wings, and sweetly sings
Whilst glad he nears the shore—
“ Past pain but tempers sweetest things,
And makes them loved the more ! ”



II.

SONG OF THE FAIRY.

Oh ! tell me, I pray, in what beautiful bower
My mistress soft slumbering closes her eyes ;
How daintily cradled, in what lovely flower,
Or under what leaf my bright fairy-queen lies ?
Oh ! tell me—for I am possess'd of a treasure !
On earth there hath naught of like value been seen,
How shall I exult ? with what exquisite pleasure
Present with this gift my own dear fairy-queen.

It is not a star I snatch'd out of the sea,
It is not a diamond all glittering brightly,
It is not the glow-worm that's riding with me,—
But yet to my bosom I hold it full tightly.
The waters I've search'd, and earth's caverns explored,
Through fire have I dived, through the air I have
been ;
But ne'er did my pains meet so glorious reward
As *this*—which I hold for my bright fairy-queen.

While up to a cloud's moonlit edge I was hying,
To gather some pearl for my lady so fair,

I spied where an angel all weary was lying
Asleep, with this goblet, unwatch'd by his care.
I seized on the jewel,—and, rapidly hasting,
Come seeking my love o'er mount, forest and green ;
One sip of this drink gives us life everlasting,—
But the first sip's reserved for my sweet fairy-queen.

Hark, hark, the lark wakens ! Oh ! what have I done ?
See, see where it falls, and to pieces is shatter'd !
And into the ground the bright liquor has run,
I hoped to escape death—fond hopes, how ye flatter'd !
Ah ! now we may never immortal be made,
Till first with earth's dust we are mingled, I ween :
All glories of mortals but linger to fade ;
And thus must it be with my bright fairy-queen !



III.

ETHELDREDA'S LAMENT.*

How still the moone on high,
How still her silver beam,
How still is all the sky ;
The stars—how still they seem !

How still is every tree,
How still every bird !
Shaketh leaf but gentlye,
The which can ne be heard.

How still is every blast,
How still is every gale !
Sleepeth all sound and fast,
Sleepeth the hill and vale.

But I no sleep can find,
For sad, alas ! am I ;
And here my course I wind,
And seek me where to die.

* Set to Music by Frank D'Alquin, Esq.

The one I loved is dedd,
Alas ! and turn'd to clay,
And clay must be his bed,
Until the last great day.

To HIM, to HIM I fly,
Farewell, ye sacred groves ;
Witness in HIM I dy !
—Such end had their true loves.



IV.

THE KNIGHT TO HIS IMPRISONED LADYE.

WAKE, dearest, wake ! for I must leave thee ;
The dawn is breaking ;—do not grieve thee :
To scale the castle wall 'tis hard ;
Strict sentinel keeps watch and ward.

“ Light of my life, and my life's lord,
I gird thee with thy valiant sword ;
I pine for thee the livelong day ;—
But Phosphor shines ; away, away ! ”

Yet I shall come again—the Fates
On high proclaim, and glory's gates
Set open wide, that all who will
Enter, of joy may take their fill.

With beauty and with chivalry
Begirt, in glorious majesty,
The battle won, thy knight shall see
Restored to ancient rights and thee.

V.

THE SQUIRE'S RENEWAL OF SUIT
TO HIS LADYE-LOVE.

FAIR maid, again I write to thee.

Fortune to friend, with much ado,
At length I have discovery
Made of your biding-place, and you :
And moved am, once more, my true
And honest passion to advance ;
Beseeching, lady, thee to rue
Upon my pain, which like sharp lance
Tormenteth me, and each day doth entrance.

Pity is in thy breast, ywis,

Then pity me who love you well ;
And there is bounty, or I miss
The truth by much, that there doth dwell :
Give me kind looks, then ! need I tell ?
Alas, alas, I see thee not ;
And yet I see thee : thou the bell
Of beauty bear'st away, thy lot.
O sweet perfection, never be forgot !

But if thou'lt rue, rue soon; *too late*
Is ne'er to do. Not distant far
 Am I from thee; there humbly wait
 My destiny, or make or mar.
 Preposterous it were to war
 With fate, or wage unequal strife;
 All live not under happy star:
 Yet, heav'ns directing, happy life
 Will I still hope with thee: but if my wife

Thou *must* not be; cold marble if thou prove,
 If thou wilt show thyself of rocky spright,
 Unused to melt—but well I know thy love,
 Whoso it wins is gentle; as the light
 Of springing day,—as Cynthia fair and bright:
 If thou my suit unkindly do repel,
 Yet shall my prayer at morning and at night
 Thy name remember; but with love I'll mell*
 No more: and heavens thee bless: So hail,
 and fare thee well!

* Meddle.

"With holie father fits not with such things to mell."
Sponser.

VI.

THE SQUIRE'S PLAINT FOR HIS LOST
LADYE-LOVE.

WAS never one so cross'd as I
By tyrannous adversity ;
On whom fell fortune's rage and might
Have spent the utmost of her spite ;
Whom death, long time since, down had thrust,
And crumbled into fulsome dust,
But sweet religion lent her hand,
And whisper'd of another land :
Another land, not like to this,
Where all is innocence, and bliss ;
Where treasured bide the meeds of those
Who well have met and borne their woes.
But my heart bleeds ; and all to-tore,*
The pain increaseth ; ay, and more,
The bitterness of keen annoy
Bereaveth me of every joy.
In grievous torment I bewail,
And hard endure the large assail.

* Torn in pieces.

Absence of her, who aye is lost,
Puts direful travail to my ghost :
Furies me lash, and stern despair
Would drive me—heaven knoweth where.
Long wake at nights, and little sleep,
A baleful coil within me keep :
By day sad thoughts, and wishes vain
Me from felicity restrain.
Ay! naught it booteth to repine!
She never, never will be mine :—
Not in *this world*; but if sweet love
E'er veil celestial spirits above
(As sure it doth), mote I aspire,
Once more I would thy love desire,
And woo thee in the heavenly field :—
But, hold, vain ecstasy, and yield;
Thou lookest on the flowery side,
Nor scann'st, fond shade, the dreary desert wide.



VII.

THE NEW YEAR.

1869.

“OPEN the door,
And give to the poor,
Let in the young, and turn out the old;
With goodly cheer
The New New Year
Will enter soon with footsteps bold.”

Open the gates,
A warrior waits,
Helm'd is his head, and mail'd is his breast;
His infant face
Seems fill'd with grace,
Betokening love and placid rest.

Ah! who is here?
The New New Year!
Why, deck'd with myrtle, in armour clad?
'Gainst every foe
Thus should we go:
Our *readiness* shall make us glad.

Should bugles sound,
He'll look around :
Heeded shall be this infant bold ;
For he is good,
And scenes of blood
Match not with the branch which he doth hold !

Throw wide the gate ;
Enter in state.
Hail to the young, and hail to the old !
The New New Year
Must enter here.
Farewell, Old Year, thy sands are told !



VIII.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

SAINT Valentine! Saint Valentine!
What crowds do bend before thy shrine!
The young, the old, the dull, the gay,
With welcome greet thy joyous day.

And who wert thou, Saint Valentine,
That so great honour should be thine?
For from the Cottage to the Crown
Sweet is thy name, fair thy renown.

Tradition says that on this day
Each little bird, that sits on spray,
Its love-song sings, with heart elate,
And chooses for itself a mate.

From this, we deem, the youthful sort
The custom practise, first in sport,
Of choosing on thy festal day
A mate—perchance a *love* for aye!

But sure—seeing that a martyr's meed
Thou'st won—thou for the TRUTH didst bleed,

And for thy TRUE LOVE being far-famed,
And charity, *thy* Day 'twas named.

Search, all, then, 'Cupid's kalendare,'
And choose your 'choyse,' as year by year
The 'usaunce' comes, to typify
A principle, and mystery !

The 'holly boy,' young maids, prepare ;
The 'ivy girl,' fair youths, forth bear ;
Each burn your uncouth effigy,—
Though none may name the reason why !

Yea ! to the pillow pin the leaf
That to the Bard gives joy or grief,
And dream of *one*, or far, or near,—
'Tis innocence, and draws no tear.

What flowers the season yields suspend,
True lover's knot blue ribands lend.
Now draw the lots :—firm Valentines
May each pair prove, who read these lines !

Saint Valentine ! we fain would be
In bliss so close allied to thee :
Our homage, virtue, take as thine,
And bless'd be thou, Saint Valentine !



IX.

THE WAITS.

TWICE twenty years with varied plume
Have wing'd their solemn flight,
Since, startled by sublimest strains
In deepness of the night ;
From soft repose up I arose,
By pious fears inthrall'd,
And unto thee, with bending knee,
My sire, I fondly call'd :—
“ Sweet music sounds from heav'nly gates ! ”
But, father, thou didst only say,
“ Have faith, my boy, drive fear away :
We hear the Christmas Waits ! ”

Now comes again the dulcet strain
In stillness of the night ;
I clasp my hands, and breathe a prayer
Unto the Lord of Light,
Who did me save from many a wave
Across life's troubled sea—
Twice twenty years, with joys and tears,
A stern reality !

And ne'er my love for thee abates,
Who soothed my boyish fear ; but gone
Art thou before, and now alone
I hear the Christmas Waits !

I ponder on twice twenty years,
The hopes, the fears, the sorrow ;
But murkiest cloud hath sun-lit edge,
Dark night brings forth bright morrow.
The gift of song remaineth strong,
And charmeth every woe ;—
Whate'er have wrought, in deed or thought,
False friend, or secret foe.
What madness to upbraid the fates !
All have their sufferings ; and none know
Each feeling fine, as, waking slow,
They hear the Christmas Waits !



X.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

THE longest day, the shortest day,
Arrive—as round the year
Rolls on, and snatcheth far away
Much that we hold most dear,—
Yet ne'er awake the feelings keen,
Or that sensation fine,
Which Memory's page, with gold and green
Inscribed, shall cause to entwine
With solemn thought, by stillness brought,
Whene'er approacheth near,
With dulcet swells of hallow'd bells,
The last day of the year.

But every day may be a last,
Or herald of a New :
Full well we know in periods past
Man's measurement untrue.
Ah ! 'tis not that : we are not prone
To quarrel, where alike
Heart-chords are tender, or their tone
Soft, though a stone may strike.

So each and all, whate'er may fall,
Has fall'n—or there—or here—
Pensive and gay, heed well this day,
The last day of the year.

Let us each look in Memory's book ;
Peruse it to the end :
Happy are they who well can say
Relation or a friend
That have not lost, by sorrows toss'd,
Since the old year was young ;
And that they strove aye to improve
Each moment, as it sprung.
Enclasp the book, and forward look,
With faith, with hope, with cheer ;
Oft-times may we, more saintly, see
The last day of the year !



XI.

THE PROMISE.

IN MEMORY OF D. N. J., OB. MAY 23, 1865.

A SIMPLE child, that sweetly smiled,
Sat on its father's knee ;
And softly told—"when thou art old,
I will be *good* to thee.
For I shall live a million days,
If His high will it be :
And that will ample time allow,
To reach prosperity."

"A million days, my gentle child,
Thou dost not comprehend ;
For backwards to old Homer's time
That period would extend.
How short a span then falls to man,
Thou may'st full well survey ;
And hence we are styled 'ephemeral,'—
The children of a day."

The good child slept, the sad sire wept,
Gone was his only stay :
But from his breast, no power shall wrest
The promise of that day.
Bless'd be that child, O father mild,
Who was so good to thee,
A million days, a million years,—
Unto eternity !



XII.

THE QUESTION.

"How didst thou grow," sweet Cyril said,
 "Into a father dear?"
To him revolved with five fair moons
 Four times the circling year.
"And wert thou once a little lad,
 And fit to run, like me,
Where fields, and flowers, and trees look glad,
 And birds sing merrily?"
"Yes, tender pet, I ne'er forget
 When I, in company
With one who anxious watch'd, ran fast,
 A little lad like thee."

"He too, before a father dear,
 Had gambol'd in his time;
That father dear had done the same
 In childhood's early prime.
Thus back and back, my boy, we turn
 Until the world began—
Until we reach to—Whom?—you know!
 To Adam, the first man!
But like a book the world goes on,
 With pages ever new:
E'en thus, you see, successively,
 Son into father grew."

XIII

THE SLAIN.*

THROW out your crumbs,
The sparrows are dying;
See where their dead
All frozen are lying.
Look through the rails,
Where late the flowers bloom'd :
Heard ye the wails
Of those that were doom'd ?
Wrapp'd in their snow-shrouds,
Ah ! now they lie scatter'd ;
Unto this big world
Their deaths little matter'd.

“ Do the birds die ? ”
Dear Cyrilla says :
See where they lie
Among the fern sprays !
Each had a mother,
Sweet, tender, and true ;
A sister—a brother—
Even as you.

Jan. 7th, 1871.

Throw out your crumbs then,
And fear not the frost;
Kindness will warm you—
It seldom is lost!

Throw out your crumbs;
Crabb'd winter is stern.
Wealth was not meant to
Sleep in an urn.
Feel for the feather'd:
Lo, when our time nears,
Storms may be weather'd—
Fewer our tears!
Help the poor *birds*!
And ne'er will you shame,
God's image to use
With goodness the same.

Oh! but what crumbs
Of comfort shall we
Throw to the shivering,
Over the sea?
Gasping and bleeding
Upon the white snow,
Kindliest help needing,
Thousands lie low.
All are our brothers;
And *error* is vain:
To us, *repentance*!
God's *peace* to THE SLAIN!

XIV.

SONNET I.

HAIL, fairest object of my youthful fire !
Art thou unfriendly to the Muse's lyre ?
List to the passion which these lines convey,
Repose in calm, and banish scorn away.
Your beauties bright, impress'd upon my heart,
With morn return, nor with the eve depart.
Say, canst thou then obdurate still remain,
All-proof to love, nor heed thy suffering swain ?
Accept the assurance of affection sweet ;
Truth knows no change, in truth all blessings meet.
Let fickleness or falsehood have no room
Even in thought, where purity should bloom—
Love reign supreme. So, beauty's peerless grace,
Mistrust's dim veil remove from off thy face.

XV.

SONNET II.

O SACRED gold ! which shalt with happy band
 Encircle the fair finger of my love,
When we before glad Hymen's altar stand ;
 What hopes, what fears, what joys alternate move
My throbbing heart ! A thousand visions rove,
 And flash before mine eyes, well dazzled nigh,
Of that divine perfection, which they prove,
 Who enter wedlock's sweet felicity.
Thou emblem of affection, whilst I gaze
 Upon thy polish'd figure's golden round,
Full fervently my soul to heaven prays
 For her, to whom my heart so fast is bound.
Source of each other's bliss, oh, may we be ;
And endless in our love, O ring, like thee !

XVI.

BALLAD.

ON THE FOUR LITTLE BOYS WHO WERE DROWNED AT HOVE,
NEAR BRIGHTON, ON AUGUST 29TH, 1866.

YE little boys at school who bide
Far from your mother's eye,
And ye who 'neath parental roof
The path of learning try ;
And oh ! likewise, ye little girls
Who far from native place,
Beneath the rule of matron sage
The line of virtue trace :—
Though natural timidity
Your safeguard well may prove,
Yet equally ye both shall be
Objects of care and love.

Dear boys are venturesome and bold,
Their tiny hearts beat high ;
In them doth England's greatness hold
Pledge for futurity.
They climb the tree, they mount the cliff,
The Alps they would ascend !

But, happily, none grant the means,
Nor quite the money lend.
And let them mount, and let them climb,
And pluck the top-most star—
Of such as these, that climb the trees,
Old England's greatest are !

The gardener's care doth bind the stem
That seems inclined to stray ;
Droops there one rose or lily pale,
A moment he will stay.
So doth the boy, who, roving wild,
Culls childhood's budding flower—
More bent on butterflies than self,
Demand a watchful power.
Alike at home, alike abroad,
The roisterer tasks our care ;
Close we our eye, away he'll fly,—
Alas ! we know not where !

And so have flown four little souls—
There was no power to save.
The circumstance the danger brought—
Not treach'rous was the wave ;
For bars of sand, though easily cross'd,
Yet on the northern side
Deep falls contain,—when rapidly
Rolls in the azure tide !
Now dangers fell beset us all,
Alike by sea and land ;

But here hath been disaster keen,
Through ignorance of the sand.

Stern lesson! oh! keep watch and ward,
As well as watch and pray,
And rest not, for we know not who
Next may be snatch'd away.
They said their little prayers that morn,
And rush'd down to the wave,
And, flushed with health, and joy, and hope,
Sank in a watery grave!
Now, parents, place your hope on high,
For *there* is ONE to SAVE!
Sore though ye weep, they shall not sleep
Eternal in the grave!



XVII.

THE BOY ON THE BEACH.

LITTLE brown boy, on the beach,
Lip of cherry, cheek of peach,
Hair of raven down are thine,
And thy blue eyes brightly shine.

Show me what thy scrip contains,—
And this copper for thy pains,
Dropp'd into thy well-turn'd hand,
Shall some little want command.

Shells and sea-weed ! baskets fine,
Wrought with grass and silken twine !
What are these that lie below ?
Tracts—the way to heav'n to show.

Speed thee well, my pretty boy ;
Noble is this same employ,
Scattering seed on sandy shore,
That shall live for evermore !

Stay ! this piece of silver take,
Soon may'st thou thy fortune make !
Lonely though thou roam'st the shore,
One thy weal aye watches o'er.

XVIII.

CORNELIA, MATER GRACCHORUM.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.*

B.C. CIRCA 147.

CORNELIA, mother of the Gracchi, graced
With comely loveliness, and passing fair,
Great Scipio's daughter, her fine figure placed
Upon an ebon chair,
Within Sempronius' hall.
At her soft call
A beauteous slave doth delicate viands bring,
Rich pears, or Phrygian figs, or downy peach,
And sets within her reach.
Sweet smiles, kind words and looks their influence fling,
And shed as 'twere
A sunshine through that mansion fair,
Where noblest feelings fine
Clasp and entwine ;
And captivate the mind that needs no telling
Here PEACE and LOVE have dwelling !
A brave Campanian lady was her mate,
Of lofty soul, but by ambition fired,
And, held in sweet converse, at table sate ;

* Suggested by a copy of Schopin's 'Cornelia' [Munich Gallery].

And fondly she desired
 A lay of ancient Rome.
 How safely come
 Through reeds of Tiber cradled babies twain ;
 How Mars, fell bridegroom, woos the Vestal fair ;
 How the bold Romans share
 The Sabine women, and what Sabines slain ;
 How by the well
 Within the Sacred Grove, men tell
 That Numa* met each night
 By pale moonlight
 The Nymph—of her to learn mysterious laws,
 In stern religion's cause.

And of 'The Sibyl's Prayer' she sought the lay :
 How *beauty's darling* gain'd the gift of years,
 Unnumber'd as the grains of sand which stray
 (Exchanged too soon for tears !)
 Through tapering fingers light.
 The priestess bright
 Forgot to ask not that which she had *not*,
 But what she *had*—youth, vigour, bloom, and health !
 And now on worldly wealth
 The gentle converse turns, and waxeth hot,
Sempronia† speaks !
 " Sweet cousin, who great riches seeks,
 An onerous load must bear.
 Be it mine to share

* Olli respondet suavis sonus Egeriai.
Ennius.

† A name common to the female branches of the Sempronii, Gracchi, and Scipios.

A moderate state, nor high, nor yet too low,
Lest anxious cares should grow !”

“ O but this string of pearls—behold it well !
Soft to the touch, and pleasant to the eye.”
She stoop’d her jewell’d head, and graceful fell
Round the rich ivory
Of her fair neck, and roll’d,
The necklace’ fold.
The outer circle on the bosom staid,
Where, set in gold, i’ the matchless cameo’s face
‘ Carthage destroy’d ’ you trace,
Or ‘ Venus’ Chariot,’ ’bove the fastening made.
From casket rare
Withdraweth next that lady fair
A bracelet, gemm’d with light,
And golden bright.
“ This surely, my Cornelia, tempts your eye,
By its own brilliancy ! ”

As one who, baffled, though of purest aim,
Hard press’d, yet conscious of a noble mind,
Feels, from respect for guest, a sense of shame,
And scorns a word unkind ;
Who would not plant a sting,
But rather bring
The loveliest rose that ever bloom’d on brier,
Sweet offering on fast Friendship’s altar fair,
That bosom rich and rare :

So that sweet lady fared, whom nigh a tear
Had well betray'd !
For that Campanian mate hath made
Sore trial of her pride ;
But misseth wide,
Pleased, and intent to please, and soft, and kind,
Cornelia's jewell'd mind !

" Oh ! would you hear a lay of ancient Rome,
In broken numbers, such as handed down ?
Wretched are we, alas ! we have no *home*,
Only we have RENOWN,
That decks our foreheads' bright
With laurels light.
We have no *home*, for lovely WOMAN, where
Like wild beasts we repose, the battle done,
Her place hath not yet won ;
She neither beats the couch, nor spreads the chair."—
" Alas, I hear,
The clashing of the shield and spear !
The virgin's piercing shriek
Hath become weak.
Lo, far away Rome's eagled warrior bold
His virgin WIFE doth hold !"

King Tatius rose—the blood was in his cheek—
" Ye Sabines, arm, and let us take the field.
For daughters stolen hottest vengeance wreak ;
Sabines will never yield !
Our daughters, young and gay,
Were wont to stray

By glassy river, or in flow'ry mead ;
Now their soft hands no fragrant garlands bring,
Nor sacred song they sing,
Nor gentle victim in procession lead.
Home is not home,
For by our hearth no more they roam.
Their *mother* hath no rest,
For from the nest
No longer is the cry of young birds calling,—
So fast her tears are falling ! ”

A dreadful battering-ram beats at Rome's Gate,
The scaling ladder grappling with the wall ;
A thousand Sabines all impatient wait,
To see it break and fall.
But no ! as firm as Fate
Remains that gate.
King Tatius listens at the Gate by night,
For there a virgin's voice him calleth clear :
“ What your left arms do bear
Give me, and I will ope—so enter right ! ”
“ O virgin fair,
A bracelet's double band I wear.
Haste, quickly ope the Gate,
And take thy plate—
And with the plate our shields ! Seal'd be thy doom,
For thou betray'st thy home ! ”

Cornelia ended, and the imperfect end
Was noted by that mild companion sweet :
“ How Sabines entered, and how forward bend

E'en to the Forum's seat
Their ranks, 'mid slaughter, ire,
And raging fire,
The antique lay forgets ; and how at last,
'Mid tears, and 'mid embraces of their *found*,
They settled on one ground,
Sabine and Roman, and forgot the past.—
But come," said she,
"Have I not shown ? now show to me
The jewels you possess,
For, as I guess,
A Roman matron hath a goodly store,—
To see I long the more !"

How doth simplicity embellish life,
And to those hours, which some call idle hours,
Add grace ! Cornelia, shunning worldly strife,
Prefers to scatter flowers.
Though courted by a king,
Though *VIRTUS* bring
Its meed unto the living, and there stand
Unto *CORNELIA* marble pure, which says
'*MATER GRACCHORUM*' ; praise
She sought not, nor assumed an air more grand.
Now while she eyed
Her husband's laurel'd shield, the pillar's pride,
"Sweet, all the jewels I hold
Are *these*, behold !"*
She said ; and with affection nearer drew
Her noble children two !

* "En, hæc ornamenta mea sunt !"

FRAGMENTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF
GREEK COMIC POETS.

TRANSLATED INTO ANTIQUATED ENGLISH VERSE.

An. æt. 17.

I.

CRATINUS.

A WORDY POET.

PHŒBUS! what streames of wordes boune!¹
The fontes with many waters soune:²
Forth fro his mouthe twelve springes renne;³
Ne doubt, Ilysse in his throte ben.
What other word shulde I spek moe?
Gif⁴ some one (I wol that ye know)
Shulde fail belive to stente⁵ his mouthe,
Alack! for pity, and for routhe!
He wol have with his vearses queinte
Al this world lorne,⁶ and al men dreinte!⁷

(1) Abound. (2) Sound. (3) Run, flow. (4) If.
(5) Instantly to stop. (6) Lost. (7) Drowned.

II.

LYSIPPUS.

GREAT LONDON.

If London* thou ne sawest, thou art fool;
 If that thou have, delightless eke, it seen,
 A lob, a lout, a very ass, bi Poule!
 But if fulfilled of all joy thou been,
 Whan thou it have in glorious distant ken,
 Yet wol it leave, a beast mote fardels bear.
 For this city be English! myzty queen,
 And empresse of al odhers, al her fear;
 And reason too: her like mow not be found.
 Her like ther nis no wher, God wot, on worldes
 ground!

* Athens in original. (See page 153.)

III.

MNESIMACHUS.

A GOODLY DINNER.

HERKEN my word; wote thou, leve¹ brother mine,
 Thou shulde in certaine thys daie wyth us din.
 Bright swerdes and eke browne our vittaile been;
 Torches we glot² for sowle,³ that fyerie bren.
 Eftsone the page doth sette upon our bord,
 Yfette⁴ fro Crete, kene arwes⁵ long and broad;
 No fetches do we ete, but speres shente,⁶

That gadred ben fro blood ydrenched bente.⁷
 The silver targe, and perced habergeon,⁸
 Been that, whan sonne is set, we lig⁹ upon.
 On bowes reste our fete whan that we slepe,
 With katapultes crownde, so heie hem clepe.¹⁰

- (1) Dear. (2) Devour. (3) Any thing eaten with bread.
 (4) Fetched. (5) Arrows. (6) Shattered. (7) Side of a hill.
 (8) Coat of mail. (9) Lie. (10) They them call.

IV.

EPICHARMUS.

AT SUPPER.

First gif ye him espyed at soupere,
 Pardé,¹ awaped² ye shulde die for fere.
 For sothe to sain, his throte most breme³ doth rore,
 And his huge jawes twey⁴ clash ever more.
 Sounen his tuskes gril⁵ and horrible;
 Elke wyth his teeth he grinteth⁶ terrible.
 His nosethirles⁷ also, that wide to see,
 Hisseth with hideous noyse, a benedicite !
 And his broad eares platt⁸ do move and quappe,⁹
 As doth the four-fote beast, that hight tetrappe.

- (1) Pardieu. (2) Astonished. (3) Furious. (4) Two.
 (5) Dreadful. (6) Grindeth. (7) Nostrils. (8) Flat.
 (9) Quake.

V.

PHILEMON.

TEARS.

If tears were leeching¹ of owre hertes pain,
 And one that wep his dole couth² ever stay,
 To yeven³ gold for tears we wold be fain.
 But swiche lyk gere⁴ wo hedeth never day;
 Ne ever, cozen, to swich thynges may
 Turnen aside; and wepen we or not,
 Ther helpeth naught, it goth that ilke⁵ way,
 Experience thilk⁶ techeth, as I wot,
 What vayleth it than? nouzt; for unto wiere,⁷
 As fruit unto a tre, pertains the pearlie teare.

- (1) Healing. (2) Could. (3) Give. (4) Such like trifles.
 (5) Same. (6) This. (7) Grief.

■ The original has been rendered into Latin verse by Muretus, Grotius, Geener, Hertelius (p. 177), Morel (p. 37), Batallerus, Olericus (p. 323), &c.

VI.

ANTIPHANES.

MODERATION IN GRIEF.

WEL ought us mone, accordant to resone,
 Nat overgret, leve¹ kindrede from us gone:
 For lo! heie ben nat ded, but sterte afore
 On the ilke gate,³ that al must take; no more!
 Than we at last wend to thilk hostelrie,⁴
 Aye⁵ ther to live in hir swote compaignie.⁶

- (1) Dear. (2) They. (3) Same road. (4) The same inn.
 (5) For ever. (6) In their sweet company.

VII.

MENANDER.

RICHES A CLOAK.

To helen¹ many sinnes wele² be a gite.³
I wot Menandros speketh here aright.

(1) Cover. (2) Riches. (3) Garment.

VIII.

MOSCHIO.

THE HOLY DEAD.

Seke nat the holie ded for to diffame,
Upon the quik, nat ded, go pass thy blame.

IX.

PSEUDO-MENANDER.

KNOW THYSELF.

WHAN that thou woldest ken thyselfe and preve,¹
On churchehawe² monimentes caste thine ee.³
Ther, moulinge⁴ into duste as light as leve,⁵
Liggen⁶ the bones of kings and princes hee,⁷
Phylosopheres, and swiche⁸ as formerlee
Wold on⁹ hir noble kyn and gould hem¹⁰ pryde,
Or rénome,¹¹ or hir excellente beautee.

Lo, ther nas¹³ none of hem that eld couthe byde,¹³
 But suffred deth, the end of brotel¹⁴ man.
 Now muse in silence sade,¹⁵ and ken thee, giffe¹⁶
 thou can.

- (1) Prove. (2) Churchyard. (3) Eye. (4) Mouldering.
 (5) Leaf. (6) Lie. (7) High. (8) Such. (9) Their.
 (10) Them. (11) Renown. (12) He was, viz. was not.
 (13) Could endure. (14) Brittle, frail. (15) Sad, grave, serious.
 So Shakespear, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, "Then, my
 queen, in silence sad trip we," &c. (16) If.

X.

ALEXIS.

WE ARE FIVE.

THARES min auld man a quistron,¹ me
 Ane crone, and douchtir bricht of ble;²
 And mie sweit bairn quhat hevin did gife,
 And thilke chaist may;³ al makand fife.
 Three of the quhilk beth sette at meit;
 The odher twaine, as mickle treit,
 We, of a bannock hard ybake,
 With tham, no leeing thilke, pertake.
 Also we mak maist waifu' mane,
 Quhen that of meit we maun ha' nane.
 Owre heawe bisydes bicomith pale,
 Quhen hungred we. Now oure vittaille,
 And lyf sustnance I quhil thee eche;
 Benes, lupyngs, knolles, and the fetcche.

Rhubarb of monk, nawew, we seke,
The bitter vetch, vetchlings, and eke
Acornis, and the onyon mild,
Cicada, chickpea, and pears wild,
And och ! our modheris care,⁴
The heavin-sent boon of fyggis dryde,
Of Phrygian tre product and pride,
And maist delicious fare.

(1) Beggar. (2) Complexion. (3) Maid. (4) Viz: The invention or
discovery of Ceres.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

I HAVE a favourite flower !
For it I build a bower,
Safe from harm to keep.
Who dares break it down ?
Who dares touch mine own ?
By Old England's crown,
He shall wail and weep !

Like to a flower,
Or one short hour,
Or shorter still seems life.
Ere we are born,
Like springing corn
We fall—by Fate's keen knife.

Then, mortal man,
 Strive all thou can
 Bright honour to attain ;
 And if heaven give
 One day to *live*,
 Achieve eternal gain !

ON TWO RIVALS.

Two goodly trees are planted side by side
 They grow upright, and stretch their branches wide :
 Their bark is smooth, their laurel leaves are green,
 And naught but good companionship is seen.
 They both increase ; the gentle zephyr comes,
 From leaf to leaf, from branch to branch it roams ;
 Witness the dire effect : the bark is worn,
 The tender verdure of each leaf is torn.
 To save the other, one must be cut down.
 O Fate, or Fortune ! thus on friends dost frown !

HERE's my decanter, rouser of my mind,
 When comfort's nowhere,—it in *him* I find !

FROM THE GREEK.

A BLIND man one day bore upon his back
 Another, who the use of his legs did lack.
 “ A good exchange ! ” an observator cries,
 “ For loan of legs to grant the use of eyes.”

RIDDLE.

FROM THE GREEK.

ONE father,* and twelve sons;† to each of whom
Twice thirty daughters,‡ varied beauties, bloom.
Some in pure white, in sable some array'd;
Immortal *all*, yet fast away they fade!

* The year. † The twelve months. ‡ Thirty days and thirty nights.

ANTIQUE PROPHECY.

ON A MISERLY COUPLE.

He and you,
A hog and a sow,
Woll live in a sty,
Until ye die.

Who treateth me
Indifferently,
The same may know
I scorn him too!

THE SETTING SUN.

BEHOLD the glorious sun,
Setting in the west;
His joyful course is run :
Now his rays are best.

With gold he paints the sky ;
Then he sinks to rest ;
And bids us a 'good bye,'—
Setting in the west.

The good man hath such end !
If pure life hath run,
He noblest rays doth lend,
As his days are done.

Yea, by his cheerful face,
At his setting bright,
He'll rise again in grace,
Crown'd with GLOBE'S light !



COM. GR.

FRAGMENTA.

I.

CRATINUS.

*Ὀναξ Ἀπολλον, τῶν ἐπῶν τῶν ρευμάτων
Καναχοῦσι πηγαί· δωδεκάκρουνον στόμα·
Ἴλισσος ἐν φάρυγγι· τί ἂν εἴποιμί σοι;
Εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἐπιβύσει τις αὐτοῦ τὸ στόμα,
Ἄπαντα ταῦτα κατακλύσει ποιήμασιν.*

II.

LYSIPPUS.

*Εἰ μὴ τεθέασαι τὰς Ἀθήνας, στέλεχος εἶ·
Εἰ δὲ τεθέασαι, μὴ εὐαρεστήσας δ', ὄνος·
Εἰ δ' εὐαρεστῶν ἀποτρέχεις, κανθήλιος·
Αὐτὴ πόλις ἔσθ' Ἑλληνίς.*

III.

MNESIMACHUS.

* * ἄρ' οἶσθα σὺ,
 'Οτιῇ πρὸς ἄνδρας ἐστὶ σοι μαχητέον,
 Οἷ τὰ ξίφη δειπνοῦμεν ἡκονημένα,
 "Οψον δὲ δῶδας ἡμμένας καταπίνομεν;
 'Εντεῦθεν εὐθὺς ἐπιφέρει τραγήματα
 'Ημῖν ὁ παῖς μετὰ δεῖπνον ἀκίδας Κρητικὰς
 "Ὡσπερ ἐρεβίνθους, δορατίων τε λείψανα
 Κατεαγὸτ'· ἀσπίδας δὲ, προσκεφάλαια καὶ
 Θώρακας ἔχομεν· πρὸς ποδῶν δὲ σφενδόνας
 Καὶ τόξα· κατυπέλταισι δ' ἐστεφανώμεθα.

IV.

EPICHARMUS.

Πρῶτον μὲν αἴ κ' ἔσθοντ' ἴδοις νιν, ἀποθάνουσι.
 Βρέμει μὲν ὁ φάρνγξ ἐνδοθ', ἀραβεῖ δ' ἁ γνάθος,
 Ψοφεῖ δ' ὁ γόμφιος, τέτρυγε δ' ὁ κυνόδων,
 Σίζει δὲ ταῖς ῥίνεσσι, κινεῖ δ' οὐατα,
 Οὐ τῶν τετραπόδων οὐδὲν ἦττον.

V.

PHILEMON.

Εἰ τὰ δάκρυ' ἡμῶν τῶν κακῶν ἦν φάρμακον,
 'Αεὶ θ' ὁ κλαύσας τοῦ πονεῖν ἐπαύετο,
 'Ηλλαττόμεσθ' ἂν δάκρυα δόντες χρυσίον.
 Νῦν δ' οὐ προσέχει τὰ πράγματ', οὐδ' ἀποβλέπει

Εἰς ταῦτα, δέσποτ', ἀλλὰ τὴν αὐτὴν ὁδὸν,
 Ἐάν τε κλαίῃς, ἂν τε μὴ, πορεύεται.
 Τί δὴ ποιεῖς πλέον; οὐδέν· ἡ λύπη δ' ἔχει,
 Ὡσπερ τὸ δένδρον τοῦτο καρπὸν, τὸ δάκρυον.

VI.

ANTIPHANES.

Πενθεῖν δὲ μετρίως τοὺς προσήκοντας φίλους.
 Οὐ γὰρ τεθνᾶσιν, ἀλλὰ τὴν αὐτὴν ὁδὸν,
 Ἦν πᾶσιν ἐλθεῖν ἔστ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχον,
 Προεληλύθασιν· εἴτα χ' ἡμεῖς ὕστερον
 Εἰς ταυτὸ καταγωγέϊον αὐτοῖς ἤξομεν,
 Κοινῇ τὸν ἄλλον συνδιατρίβοντες χρόνον.

VII.

MENANDER.

Πλούτος δὲ πολλῶν ἐπικάλυμ' ἐστὶν κακῶν.

VIII.

MOSCHIO.

Κενὸν θανόντος ἀνδρὸς αἰκίζειν σκιάν. * *
 Ζῶντας κολάζειν, οὐ θανόντας εὐσεβές.

IX.

PSEUDO-MENANDER.

Ὅταν εἰδέναι θέλῃς σεαυτὸν ὅστις εἶ,
 Ἐμβλεψον εἰς τὰ μνήμαθ', ὡς ὁδοιπορεῖς.

Ἐνταῦθ' ἔνεστιν ὅστέα καὶ κούφη κόνις
 Ἀνδρῶν βασιλέων καὶ τυράννων καὶ σοφῶν,
 Καὶ μέγα φρονούντων ἐπὶ γένει καὶ χρήμασιν,
 Αἰτῶν τε δόξῃ, καὶ πὶ κάλλει σωμαίων.
 Καὶ οὐδὲν αὐτῶν τῶνδ' ἐπήρκεσεν χρόνος.
 Κοινὸν τὸν ἄδην ἔσχον οἱ πάντες βροτοί.
 Πρὸς ταῦθ' ὁρῶν γίνωσκε σαυτὸν ὅστις εἶ.

X.

ALEXIS.

Ἔστιν ἀνὴρ μοι πτωχὸς, καὶ γὰρ
 Γραῦς καὶ θυγάτηρ, καὶ παῖς υἱὸς
 Χ' ἢ δ' ἡ χρηστή· πένθ' οἱ πάντες.
 Τούτων οἱ τρεῖς μὲν δειπνοῦσιν,
 Δύο δ' αὐτοῖς συγκοινωνοῦμεν
 Μάξης μικρᾶς· φθόγγους δ' ἀλύρους
 Θρηνοῦμεν, ἐπὰν μηδὲν ἔχωμεν.
 Χρῶμα δ' ἀσίτων ἡμῶν ὄντων
 Γίνεται ὥχρόν· τὰ μέρη δ' ἡμῶν
 Χ' ἡ σύνταξις τοῦ βίοντος· στὶν,
 Κύαμος, θέρμος, γογγυλὶς, ὄχρος,
 Δάπαθος, λάθυρος, φηγὸς, βολβὸς,
 Τέττιξ, ἐρέβινθος, ἀχράς,
 Τό τε θειοφανὲς μητρῶον ἐμοὶ
 Μελέδημ', ἰσχάς,
 Φρυγίας εὐρήματα συκῆς.



SW
B1
M/
BF



